The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1923 No. 3049

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 675
EDITORIALS:
Film Censors and Other Morons 678
A Trial by Fire 679
"No Policy of Aggression" 679
THE NEXT WAR DRAWS NEAR. By Oswald Garrison Villard 680
"REVERSING" BURLESON'S LABOR POLICY. By Sterling Denhard Spero 682
IS PAN-AMERICANISM A JOKE—ON US? By A Pan-American Journalist 683
HOW MANY HIRAMS? By William Hard 685
O YOU YOUNG EAGLES! By Edgar Lee Masters 686
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 687
CORRESPONDENCE 687
BOOKS:
A Man's Woman. By Henry B. Fuller 689
Primitive Mentality? By Melville J. Herskovits 689
World Politics. By Louis R. Gottschalk 690
Alexander Herzen. By Johan J. Smertenko 691
Only a Preface. By Sampson Raphaelson 691
Books in Brief 692
THE NATION'S POETRY PRIZE 692
DRAMA:
"The Failures." By Ludwig Lewisohn 692
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Helping Russia Help Herself 694
Italy's Terror Goes On 698

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 1170 People's Gas Building. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: Ernest Thurtle, 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N. W. 4, England.

SPEAKING of contempt, nothing could be more contemptible than the course of Attorney General Daugherty and President Coolidge in the case of Comptroller Craig of New York City. He is not pardoned, but his sentence of sixty days in jail for criticizing Judge Mayer is "remitted," an action which it is expressly stated does not constitute a vindication. In other words Mr. Craig is told: You are guilty, but because you are a prominent man and the newspapers have made a great hubbub, we are afraid to let you go to jail. Mr. Craig could be spared from his office as readily as Mayor Hylan has been, nor would his family be left in want as in the case of many a poor devil of a John Doe. The recommendation of the Department of Justice in the Craig case is in striking contrast to its pusillanimous poltroonery in regard to political prisoners, where there has been no such club of moneyed and powerful opinion brandished in its face. The one cheerful aspect is the promise of Representative La Guardia and others to carry the issue into Congress. Mr. La Guardia proposes that conviction for contempt, when based on any act outside the courtroom, shall be possible only through trial by jury. We would go further and abolish the institution of contempt of court, except where there is a refusal to carry out, or an attempt to obstruct, a judicial order. The crime of lese majeste should have no place in a democracy. A judge is entitled to no protection from criticism which is not provided in existing laws against libel, slander, and disorderly conduct.

SOMEBODY might remind "our Mr. Weeks," who presides over the War Department, that the cost of a bull in a china shop is not primarily the board and lodging of the bull but the crockery he smashes. Thus the Secretary of War's economical soul rejoices in announcing that the upkeep of our army, navy, and marine corps absorbed only 14 per cent of the federal budget for the last fiscal year. Delighted! But how about the smashed crockery? How about the debt for past wars, the upkeep of the Veterans' Bureau, and the expenditure for pensions (not to speak of a bonus in the offing)? Mr. Weeks does not give us the total percentage for warfare past and present. For the year 1920 government statisticians computed the total as 93 per cent! Owing to reduced annual expenditures, it has fallen a little since, but it is still too staggering for Mr. Weeks to care to compute it. Incidentally, the War Department is still getting rid of material which apparently is a hold-over from its riotous purchases during the World War. A correspondent sends us a catalogue of a sale in which appear 4,220 cans of allspice provided by some thoughtful commissary; also 549,880 currycombs. "Were there that many horses and mules in the army," he wonders, "or did the men use them for back-scratchers?"

FORECASTERS have been prophesying that the Conservatives would come through the British election for a second time with a minority of the votes cast but with a safe majority in Parliament. Lloyd George predicted a million majority for free trade—but, under the electoral system which prevails in England as here, the protectionists may nevertheless tip the scales in Parliament. At the last election the Conservatives cast only 39 per cent of the votes, but they won 54 per cent of the seats. Labor, with 30 per cent of the votes, got only 25 per cent of the seats, and the two wings of the Liberals, with almost as many votes as Labor, together had only 19 per cent of the seats. In the last Canadian election the Conservatives polled 962,601 votes and won 50 seats; the Progressives polled only 726,730 votes, but won 65 seats. Whenever there are three parties to a contest the system creaks and groans. In Queensland this year Labor won 43 seats to the Opposition's 29, although it polled fewer votes; the Opposition's forces were divided. The answer, of course, is proportional representation.

GERMANY'S troubles do not diminish, although a vigorous campaign against the food profiteers has led to some reductions in prices. Food still costs more in Germany, reckoned in dollars, than in the outside world, although wages and salaries are only a fraction of those elsewhere. Dr. Albert was unable to form a cabinet, and, as we write, it is uncertain whether his successor, Dr. Marx, will be able to hold the confidence of the Reichstag. Almost his first official act was to lengthen the working day of government clerks. Power, however, no longer lies with the Reichstag, or even with the civil government. The industrialists pull the strings, and General von Seeckt, commander of the Reichswehr, is threatening a dictatorial

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suppression of *Vorwärts*, official organ of the largest party in the Reichstag, because it refuses to tell him the source of its revelations about his organization. Meanwhile Poincaré and the Baldwin Government are holding desultory conversations regarding a limited inquiry into Germany's capacity to pay, and are endeavoring to induce the American Government to join their futile palavers.

HENRI BARBUSSE is honored by the fact that the Poincaré Government has indicted him for his speech at the Berlin Congress of the International Union of Ex-Service Men. These words constitute his "guilt":

> Two years ago, when there were diplomatic difficulties between Germany and France about what they call reparations (as if the war could be repaired), Karl Tied wrote me in the name of the German ex-service men that you had sworn that, if you were mobilized, you would turn your arms rather against your officers than against your French brothers. I read that letter to our national congress at Levallois; it made clear the importance and significance of our International Union. Those words come back to me today. I speak through you to the French soldiers of the army of occupation. I have no means of speaking directly to them, but I know that in one way or another the words I speak here will be repeated to them. When I return to France I shall print them, and I cry to those soldiers: If you are ordered to march against your German brothers, whose breasts and arms form the defense of the working-class, do not do it! Understand on which side of the struggle lie your interest and your destiny before you commit the crime of obeying your officers.

CARLO TRESCA'S conviction on November 27 for advertising an Italian book on birth control in his paper, *Il Martello*, seems to be the final step in an indecent and dishonest persecution of a man who is said by our State Department to be "causing friction between two governments" and who is hungrily awaited in Italy for his successful efforts to prevent Fascista organizations in this country. When the Post Office Department stated that the advertisement in question was not mailable it was deleted, and the issue was then accepted for mailing. Two other papers carrying the same advertisement have not been brought to the bar. The proprietor of an Italian bookstore in New York City which sells the book has not been molested, nor did the customs authorities make any attempt to hold up shipments of it. The book is not worrying the federal agents; it is the man Tresca who insists on attacking Fascism and thereby becomes a pestiferous fly in the cup of friendship between Mussolini's country and Harry Micajah Daugherty's.

ON June 17 the police refused to allow Tresca to speak in Buffalo. The July 21 issue of *Il Martello* was suspended from the mails without warning and no specific charges were brought; the case was finally dropped. On August 14 Tresca was arrested for what amounted to a crime of lese majeste, an article, then three months old, against the Italian monarchy. That indictment has not come to trial. On September 6, armed with a permit from the mayor, Tresca attempted to speak in New Kensington, Pennsylvania, but was prevented by the chief of police. On August 18 he was required to delete from his paper the announcement of a raffle, although two other papers carried the notice unchallenged. On October 27 he was compelled to make an entirely new run of the edition, omitting an account of an occasion when the Fascisti forced a woman to take castor oil. The issue of November 10 was held up because of a prophecy that Mussolini would come to the same end as Rienzi, although the issue of April 21 had quoted the same statement by Arthur Brisbane. The issue of November 24, containing the charge that Mussolini appropriated for his election expenses a sum intended for D'Annunzio in Fiume, has been declared "unmailable." And now, finally, the conviction of November 27. It took six months, but the long arm of Mussolini has finally reached him, here in the home of the free.

> ". . . that all who come to this shrine which we are dedicating to our dead may be forced to stop and think, and thinking, see for at least one moment the reality and the truth of war as known by our fallen comrades, and against which they fought and gave their lives."

THUS a member of the Frank B. Amaral Post, No. 113, of the American Legion explains the feeling of his group about the sort of memorial they wish erected to their dead. Appalled by the type of war memorial which only serves to create a feeling of romance and glorious adventure that is not in war, this post of the Legion has selected a bronze tablet on which Mrs. Anna Coleman Ladd has depicted the gaunt, rigid skeleton of a soldier helplessly caught in barbed-wire entanglements, symbolizing in his person the futility, the useless sacrifice, and the ghastliness of war stripped of its glamor. Post No. 113 expects a storm of protest which they say will mean this—"that the general public hates to face reality and does not except when so compelled to do," and that "in our memorial it has seen the truth and, seeing, rebels against the horror of war."

IT is a pleasure to turn from the atmosphere of intellectual fear and repression in some of our universities to the freer air of the New Hampshire hills, where Dartmouth College is giving a fine example of faith in an education which conceives of the student mind not as a container to be filled with a given product but as an organism which can grow and function only as it has the opportunity to range facts and theories side by side. We are reminded by a communication from the Round Table, a student organization, that "any group within the college has perfect freedom to invite anyone they wish to speak here, and the administration gives the use of the college buildings for the address." Scott Nearing spoke last winter and William Z. Foster last month. Of the address by the latter we read in the college daily: "The crowd, which was probably hostile before the speaker began, was softened by Mr. Foster's first sentence, in which he stated that it was a privilege to speak at Dartmouth because it was one of the few prominent colleges that retained the right of free speech."

SOME plodding arithmetician has counted all the words in all the sentences of all the speeches of all the presidents of these United States. Coolidge, it seems, is the record-holder. He averages but eighteen words per sentence, where Lincoln averaged 26.6, Harding 28.9, Wilson 31.8, Taft 39.9, Roosevelt 41, and Washington—long-winded sinner that he must have been—51.5. Just what it proves we do not know, but doubtless the statistician felt a gratifying sense that he had concluded a unique and original research. It would be just like this cynical age for some

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young whippersnapper to arise and remark that the stenographers were responsible for the difference, and that if Washington had only been reported by a graduate of S. S. Sap's Stenographic School, which teaches a preference for periods in place of semi-colons, he would have outranked Calvin himself.

"COMRADE OLIVER" BALDWIN is the son of the Prime Minister of Great Britain. While his father is stumping Britain for the Conservative Party young Oliver is stumping Buckinghamshire for the Labor Party. His opinion of his father's Government is clear-cut:

> The Government has been in office twelve months and what have they done? They have done nothing save twiddle their fingers. Their foreign policy is terrible. The Government talks about protection. The only protection I want is protection against a Government like that.

He may need it when he gets back home—though we suspect that the Prime Minister, on trial for his political life, enjoyed his son's campaign against him as much as anyone else in Britain. It is as it should be. If Oliver Baldwin ever becomes a Labor minister, we hope that his son will take the stump for the Tories. There is no health in a family where successive generations think and vote according to an ancestral tradition.

THAT story of eleven-year-old Leo Granoff, the Boy Trotzky of Harlem, for instance, filled us with enthusiasm. Leo, it seems, found his empty home unbearable when his mother went to the theater; finally he was, as he put it, so scared that he went down to the street and, as the police would say, "loitered" near the corner drugstore. He loitered so disconsolately that a policeman became interested. The next thing Leo knew he was being searched, and in his pockets, among the normal contents of an eleven-year-old boy's pockets, the policeman found Communist tracts. Horrors! Leo was arrested; a sharp detective discovered that Leo was secretary, or third vice-president, or something, of the Harlem Branch of the Young Workers' League. Leo was photographed, and interviewed, and finally released. The next day Miss Etta Leighton, a white-collar slave, as Leo would say, who works for the National Security League, sallied forth to study the horrid phenomenon. She found Leo gaily roller-skating with a new brand of literature in his pockets—copies of the newspapers containing his picture and an interview in which Leo declared that he preferred life in America to life in Russia because he felt his message more needed here. The white-collar slave also interviewed Leo, and forthwith gave out a statement to the papers in which she exclaimed: "It's no joke; it's a tragedy," and expressed her fears for the foundations of the republic. The republic will stand; as Heywood Broun remarked, Leo is as likely as not to grow up into a standpat Republican.

ONE of the undeniable virtues of President Roosevelt was his fearlessness in taking a stand on public questions, no matter how ticklish. In regard to the Ku Klux Klan, at least, his eldest son has inherited his father's directness. A K. K. K. speaker at Freeport, Long Island, was recently reported to have extended the organization's support to "Young Teddy," whereupon the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People sent a telegram of inquiry to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. "I have not heard one thing about the Ku Klux Klan indorsing me," wrote Mr. Roosevelt in reply. "I cannot conceive that it is so, because I came out flatfooted against them in a public speech at the National Republican Club on Lincoln's Birthday last year." This is good Americanism, and in the long run it will prove to be good politics. We do not need laws or rival organizations to fight the Klan; we do need to know the attitude of every candidate for public office toward the purpose of the K. K. K. to limit liberty, equality, and fraternity to those who are white, Gentile, and Protestant.

MISS "BILLY" TICHENOR is white, Gentile, and Protestant, so she is not hounded by the Ku Klux Klan. Yet in this land of liberty-with-a-string-to-it she, too, has her troubles, as one gathers from her letter to the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently in session in New York City, whom she feelingly addressed as "Revered Leaders":

> I am a member of the Methodist Church South, and so are my parents. So were my parental grandparents and great-grandparents. You Northern Methodists are forbidden to dance, play cards, and go to the theater or circus under penalty of expulsion. Both Northern and Southern branches, separated before the Civil War by the slavery question, are probably soon to reunite. Would the amusement ban later apply also to us Southern Methodists? My vocation is now that of an exhibition dancer. Bishop Berry has said actors are not welcome as Methodists. Must Methodists who go on the stage give up the church membership which means so much to them? Would I be required to resign if the Southern group amalgamates with the Northern Methodists? Won't you please use your influence with annual conferences and the 1924 General Conference to get these blue laws lifted?

After giving this letter, we assume, their best consideration, the "revered leaders" replied:

> Concerning the various matters discussed in your letters, authority does not lie with the bishops of the church; and we feel, therefore, that answers to your questions are not within our province. But the bishops assure Miss Tichenor of their good wishes, and pray God that she and her parents may have the divine blessing.

It is nice of the "revered leaders" to extend to Miss "Billy" the hope of "divine blessing"—even if she has to seek it on the back stoop instead of inside the church.

"THE MARCONI OF TELEPATHY," as a Swiss named Konradi Leitner calls himself, disappointed several hundred persons in a New York theater because he failed to hypnotize the entire audience at once as he had promised. An instructor in psychology at Columbia University is conducting serious experiments to discover whether two trained subjects, working half a mile or more apart, can select the same picture from duplicate sets at the same time. St. Mark's Church in New York City announces as a feature of its annual festival of St. Nicholas "an explanation of the occult world by a committee under the guidance of Mrs. Samuel Untermyer." Probably Mrs. Untermyer and her committee can explain the occult world at least as well as anybody else. Naturally they would not attempt to explain the visible world or the actions of human beings, of which at present we have only the vaguest understanding. No theaters are crowded to find out why humans put each other in jail and kill each other and run for Congress and send Christmas cards. Some problems are too hard for experts in psychology.

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Film Censors and Other Morons

A MAGNIFICENT farce could be written on the works and ways of the film censors in the various States, but their antics are important because they illustrate what an irresponsible and dangerous thing censorship is.

Let us give a few examples. In 1921 the Kansas State Board of Review ordered all scenes and titles dealing with the Tulsa, Oklahoma, race riots eliminated. Newspapers were printing pictures and stories about the riots every day, but the newspapers have waged a long and successful fight against censorship in peace time at least. The movies, afraid of their dollars, have yielded abject surrender, and the result is a fraud upon the public. Even Ku Klux Klan pictures were barred by the Kansas board, and other boards, too, have yielded to its dark influence. The Ohio board once ordered cut these words: "Probe of murders laid to Klan."

Accounts of the tricks of these censors read like a burlesque of the worst possibilities of censorship. One board ordered out the title, "Harvey Porter, an attorney to whom victory is more important than the honor of his profession," in its zealous respect for lawyers. Another board objected to the title "Kick the dog and Brulet will fight"—in "The Oregon Trail"—as "tending to incite to crime." Still another objected to a picture of a marriage by radio as "sacrilegious," although such a marriage had in fact been performed. From a Rupert Hughes comedy the title "In Sicily they challenge to a duel by biting off the tip of your ear" had to go. It was the Ohio board which would not let the International News Service say of Eugene V. Debs: "Leaving the White House after telling President Harding he has not changed his mind." In Illinois a picture was barred because a delegation of ministers who had never seen it protested that they had heard that it reflected upon the clergy. Texas barred a fantasy based on Aladdin's Lamp as "medieval, fantastic, absurd, and fit only for the dark ages." Pennsylvania would not even permit the word "anarchists" in a film, suggesting "fanatics" as an alternative, although the "anarchists" were pictured as wreckers of society. Ohio would not allow a parrot in an O. Henry story to say "Give him hell, Dickey," and here in New York filmgoers were not permitted to see these horrid words (in a scene showing the spanking of two children by their uncle): "This hurts me more than it does you!" "Yes, but not in the same place."

It sounds crazy. The movies sometimes try to defend themselves, but they are not permitted even to do that. A Pathé news reel pictured several sponsors of the censorship, with the caption: "The people who favor censorship of moving pictures will oftentimes argue the hardest in favor of letting the people rule," but Ohio ordered the caption out. We are subjected in the movies to irresponsible boards of morons, who cut anything which offends their individual prejudices. No wonder the potentialities of the film are slow in developing.

We can expect such censorship on every printed word if the New York Legislature passes the "Clean Books Bill." And now the busybodies are begging permission to extend their puerilities to the spoken stage. They cry that the country is in danger from licentious plays and theatrical performances. In New York City the hue and cry is at its height. Commissioner of Licenses August W. Glatzmayer tells us that the self-constituted moral jury of authors, actors, managers, and plain citizens which was instituted last season has been scrapped—that, indeed, no complaints have been received; but Acting Mayor Murray Hulbert is on the warpath. He wants every theatergoer to complain whenever his or her moral sensibilities have been wounded. He hopes thus, he says, to defeat the nefarious plans of those who "wallow in dirt that they might wallow in riches."

Who, we wonder, does he mean by "they"? The musical shows display a little more epidermis than of yore, but we are not sure that this is not as decent as the old fashion of lingerie at provocative intervals. We suspect that Mayor Hulbert has his eye not on the musical shows, however, nor on the plays which picture life with an indecent falseness, but on those which are really most moral in their piercing of conventional hypocrisies. He denounces plays which "make a laughing-stock of virtue and place vice on a pedestal." What does he mean? Does he mean virtue and vice according to the statute-books, or according to the churches that forbid dancing and call belief in evolution a crime, or according to the dictates of a delicate and enlightened conscience? We suspect that he objects to plays like "Rain" rather than to shows like "Artists and Models." He lets the cat out of the bag when he denounces any play that "contains words or expressions doing violence to accepted standards." Like all censors he wants life petrified.

And it is just such a censorship that the "unco guid" and the pathologically angry sigh for. For to the arm of the state is about to be added that of the church. Bishop Manning vociferously brandishes the moral tomahawk. The Social Service Commission of his diocese, besieged with complaints, is about to start an investigation. According to these complaints the conditions of the New York stage are "terrible." The reverend bishop refuses so far to name plays. He insinuates that they are in fact nameless. Equally aroused are the New York Federation of Churches and the Society for the Prevention of Crime. The redoubtable Sumner, strange to say, seems to be in a mild and placable mood. But the probable results of ecclesiastical "censure" can be studied from one priceless example. The Rev. Dr. S. Edward Young, president of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and Mrs. Young visited in the course of their research the Knickerbocker Theater, saw "The Lullaby," and "found no fault with it." Now we do not wish to see "The Lullaby" suppressed. We would fight such suppression tooth and nail because we believe that the hurt done the cause of liberty and tolerance infinitely outweighs the shocked susceptibilities of voluntary visitors to a place of public amusement. But if there is one play in New York today that is morally false and misleading to the repulsive core of it, one play that is rancid in substance and meretricious in execution, that play is "The Lullaby." But because it could be summed up in a copybook maxim the Rev. Dr. Young finds no fault with it. What he, alas, is after is not hypocrisy and meretriciousness but fresh notions of human life and an attitude of inquiry.

New York is fast becoming the first theatrical city in the world. It can manage Mr. Hulbert; let it beware of Dr. Manning and his cohorts—else they will reduce its great stage to the level of Hollywood.

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A Trial by Fire

NOT in a long time have we heard anything which has thrilled us more than the accounts of the recent fire at Rosemary School at Greenwich, Connecticut. Here were about fifty young girls who were suddenly awakened at half-past three to find their dormitory full of blinding smoke. Three minutes after the alarm sounded all the lights went out. There was only the house-mistress to represent the school authority and she was not a part of the fire drill. Yet, under the most trying circumstances, that system worked perfectly. The fire captain we should call a true heroine were that term not so shockingly misused and overworked. She kept her head perfectly and so did all her lieutenants. Every one of the girls carried out the part assigned to her without hesitation and every one got out safely, albeit several had narrow escapes. When all were out these young women, keeping strictly to the rule of absolute silence imposed during all fire drills, lined up on the terrace with the flames shooting out above their heads, while the roll was called. Then, rejoicing that all were saved, they marched, still in absolute silence, to another building. The sound of their feet upon the stone walk was the first word that came to the occupants of other buildings that their fellow-pupils were safe. Not one fainted; not one became hysterical. The whole constitutes a wonderful triumph of courage and discipline, for, had any one of those young women in authority faltered, a tragedy must have been inevitable.

To understand the full significance of all this, the reader must know that this fire drill was originally worked out by a student only a couple of years ago, and that all the training in it, and each annual readjustment, is done by the students themselves. It prescribed among other things that each girl should always have her overcoat and overshoes on a chair by her bedside, and should stop for no other article of attire, a regulation which undoubtedly saved lives when the test came. Rosemary is entirely under student self-control. The discipline which came through so perfectly was installed and instilled by the girls themselves, who, if we are correctly informed, enforce the penalties for misdemeanors and non-observance. Is it any wonder that one's pulses beat a bit faster when one learns this story and pictures those young women who had just barely saved their lives calmly standing in line under the flames while their names were called? Or that one turns exultantly from the incidents of it to confront those who constantly bewail the decadence of our time, the hopeless license of the oncoming generation, who believe that the freedom of modern times makes for the undermining of the character of our youth?

Thank heaven we are forever rid of the super-sensitive, ever-fainting young female of Jane Austen's day who proceeded to lose her senses whenever her emotions were played upon unduly. What becomes, too, in the light of a story like this of all the silly nonsense about the "superior sex" and its monopoly of all the so-called manly virtues? Could any boys' school surpass this record of self-control under the most trying of circumstances? We think not, for it is a simple fact that nobody could have behaved better, or shown steadier nerves. Yet we suppose we shall still have to hear much about the modern flapper and all her faults, and how this "new freedom" of 1923, with the ballot box in the background, is depriving our young women of all the finer qualities of womanhood. Well, there may be finer qualities than were displayed at Rosemary, but they are not numerous. Nor do we know a better system of human government than self-government. That it cannot be applied too early in life has long been our belief. The record of Rosemary proves its correctness anew.

"No Policy of Aggression"

THERE is no reason to quarrel with the main principles set forth by Charles E. Hughes, our Secretary of State, in his reaffirmation of the Monroe Doctrine before the American Academy of Political and Social Science on November 30. There was no blatant assertion of super-sovereignty, as in his speech last summer before the American Bar Association. We disagree, to be sure, with his remarks on property rights and the obligations that they impose:

> A confiscatory policy strikes not only at the interests of particular individuals but at the foundations of international intercourse, for it is only on the basis of the security of property validly possessed under the laws existing at the time of its acquisition, that the conduct of activities in helpful cooperation is possible. Each state may have its code of laws in accordance with its conception of domestic policy, but rights acquired under its laws by citizens of another state it is under an international obligation appropriately to recognize.

This is a doctrine which in recent years strong nations have assiduously tried to force upon weaker ones, but it is not consistent with national sovereignty. What is or is not confiscation is a matter of opinion, and in any event every state has a right, as we have repeatedly asserted, to manage its fiscal and industrial affairs as it pleases. The most that any other nation is morally justified in demanding is that its citizens shall receive the same treatment under the law as all others.

But the vital defect in Mr. Hughes's words is that they do not square at all with the facts of American policy in Central or South America for the last quarter of a century. "We have no policy of aggression," declared Mr. Hughes. No? Then why such a persistent practice of it? Why Roosevelt's seizure of the isthmus of Panama; why the presence, while Mr. Hughes was talking, of United States marines in the supposedly independent republics of Nicaragua, Haiti, and Santo Domingo? As Ernest Gruening pointed out in an article on the Monroe Doctrine in *The Nation* last week, the United States has broken sharply with the original theory of the Monroe Doctrine ever since the Spanish-American War. In spite of our absurd pretensions in regard to Pan-Americanism, there is not a country to the south that trusts us; there is not one that desires our protection against European aggression; there is not one that would not welcome a declaration by some other Power against our further encroachments; there is not one that does not know that Mr. Hughes's words are ridiculously at variance with all the facts.

The financiers, not Mr. Hughes, are actually directing our policy. By playing to the cupidity of small groups in one Latin American republic after another, they are making loans or investments under favored conditions and then calling upon a government at Washington—complacent and hypocritical—to uphold their "rights." And yet Mr. Hughes gravely asserts: "We have no policy of aggression."

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The Next War Draws Near

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

London, November 16

"IF the Germans cut loose, our three divisions in the Ruhr are lost." Thus spoke a prominent French general in the Ruhr the other day to an Allied general, a former comrade in arms. By that remark the French general merely emphasized what is quite apparent to military observers—that the position of the French troops in the Ruhr is an extremely serious one if the Germans should finally be goaded into resorting to such arms as they have. The Westphalians are not like the inhabitants of the Palatinate and the Rhineland, who are in many respects the most easygoing and peacefully disposed of the Germans. The Westphalian is a rough, hard-working and hard-fighting being who has been for generations engaged in the most difficult of physical occupations. He has been extraordinarily patient and long-suffering under the harsh and brutal measures of the French; he held himself in check when, as he thinks, his comrades in the Krupp works were wantonly murdered by a frightened lieutenant and his file of men. But what worries foreign observers, and the French as well, is whether the day will not come when the Ruhr worker, seeing his wife and children dying of starvation before his eyes, will prefer to go against the French guns rather than endure such torture any longer.

This is no idle fear. It is not so very long ago that the leaders of the workingmen in a certain Ruhr town (there are very good reasons for withholding its name) went to the foremost industrialist and said to him: "Do you want these Frenchmen out of here? If so we'll throw them out by tomorrow morning. They are five thousand and we are fifty thousand." Naturally the industrialist was horrified. "Are you mad?" he asked. "Don't you realize that if you kill these French others will come here from Essen and Düsseldorf and destroy our city and everything in it?" He was able to dissuade them, and so have others elsewhere to whom the same suggestion has been made. But the question still remains whether these checks can be applied indefinitely; whether the hour will not come when there will be a resort to arms even if it means the end of everything. A year and a half ago two prominent German pacifists told me that if the French troops were not withdrawn from the Rhineland their countrymen would attack the invaders within five years with bare fists if they had no weapons. That was six months before the occupation of the Ruhr, whose horrors and vindictive cruelties they had not foreseen, nor the now impending starvation in the Ruhr.

The French are not blind to the danger. They show it in their obvious nervousness and the great displays of force they are constantly making. The French generals are plainly ill at ease when, as in Essen the other day, they ride through great crowds of ominously quiet and starving people. Especially do they show it in the cities like Mayence, where they have concentrated thousands of their women and children. They have compelled Mayence to build an entirely new quarter composed of magnificent apartment houses, each apartment in which has to be fitted up for the conquerors down to the last towel, the last piece of china, kitchen-ware, and bed-linen. In another section they have made the city build for them huge barracks, which is the clearest proof that they have no intention of ever vacating Mayence unless they are compelled to go. Now, on the night of the trial of young Thyssen when the verdict of guilty was pronounced by the French court-martial, there was an outpouring of the population of Mayence such as was not equaled in the enthusiasm of the first days of war. The French were powerless to control the crowd and wisely did not attempt to. The people vented their indignation at this travesty of justice by surging through the city for hours, singing patriotic songs. Had they been inflamed by incendiary speeches there would not have been a Frenchman alive the next morning, and every French apartment would have been ransacked as well. (This is not my opinion only but that of other judges.) If the reader of this article has followed the Separatist developments in the Rhineland, he must have been struck by the mildness of the manifestations in Mayence; this mildness is to be considered in connection with those huge apartment houses and the fact that 95 per cent of all the hotel rooms there have been commandeered by the French for the use of their officers and officials and the wives, children, aunts, and cousins these have brought with them. What would not a sudden uprising, even if quickly put down, mean to these non-combatants whose lives M. Poincaré is jeopardizing?

To return to the general situation, all the old military textbooks used to lay down the law that the last thing an army ought to do is to fight with a deep river at its back. Should hostilities begin again General Degoutte's troops would not be in quite the same fatal position as General Burnside's Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg; he was able to withdraw his defeated army to the north bank only because General Lee failed to appreciate how easily he could drive the enemy into the water. The French in Essen are some distance from the Rhine, and there are nearly 200,000 other French troops across the river. But they are dependent for their supplies upon an intricate system of railways, which could be cut with the greatest ease by desperate men; to protect them, Allied military men tell me, it would be necessary to guard every culvert and every bridge. A prominent American diplomat declares that he has for months past awakened every morning wondering whether the Rhine bridges had not been blown up in the night. He has been prophesying for months past that there would be hostilities between November and April. If you ask him and the British officers I have talked with how in the world an unarmed and starving population can fight against an army perfectly equipped with tanks, endless machine-guns, and poison gas, they reply that desperate men will stop at nothing and that it will not do to think of the coming war in terms of the old. They agree, of course, that the Germans could not arm and equip and supply an army of the old type. If war comes, they say, it will take the form of a guerrilla warfare after the Irish model, with flying columns of about 250 men and one cannon, and much bombing from the air. The head of an important British military school has been quoted to me as saying that those are precisely the tactics for the Germans to adopt.

That these details are being discussed in cold blood;

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that British officers smile at the question, How soon will you be fighting on the side of the Germans? and show no signs of resenting it, is one of the most alarming portents of the times in Europe. For another war would settle nothing and could only add to the utter misery and destruction. If it comes, it means that those bloodthirsty Englishmen and Americans who regretted that the war ceased before the German Rhineland cities were laid waste will have their wish gratified. And if by any chance the Germans should win, there would be devastation in France such as has not been witnessed heretofore. Hate begets hate, oppression oppression, bitterness bitterness, revenge revenge. Whereas there was no hatred of France in Germany in 1919—as I can testify from my observations at that time, and I can bring hundreds of other witnesses, of every nationality, to confirm it—but only respect for the magnificent way the French had fought for their country, today all Germany seethes with hostility and the determination to conquer them some day or be wiped out. That this is the case is the completest proof of the folly of the French since the surrender, as it is proof that if they really want security they have gone about it just the wrong way. When I asked the French official at Düsseldorf whose duty it was to answer the questions of the foreign correspondents whether it was not regrettable that there should be such a growth of hostility to the French among the Germans he answered: "As to that we don't care at all."

But the soldiers do. They are taking note of it because it has a distinct bearing upon the next catastrophe and because they believe that if it comes to another struggle those who hate hardest and are most bitter will win, whatever the disparity in armaments. The Englishmen say that as long as they hold the Cologne bridgehead it will be almost impossible for the French to start off for Berlin from the Ruhr, and they think that it would take a long time and an enormous number of men to get to the German capital. Of course the deeper the French penetrate into Germany the more men they will need to guard their communications and the easier it will be to cut those lines. The English point out, too, that if the French should decide to extend their "sanctions" to the occupying of Berlin, they would immediately have to recall to the colors a large number of men, to demand so large a mobilization that there would be a revolt among the French people. Certainly the political Left would make a tremendous protest, and the Communist movement in France is growing much faster than people outside of that country realize—their daily paper in Paris has now a circulation of over 200,000. If Poincaré has to mobilize even a fraction of the reserves, some of the deluded French people will realize that the policy of vindictive brute force has failed. Where would the franc drop to then? Again, if the French should ever retreat from Germany, it would be like the retreat from Lexington and Concord—there would be a foe behind every wall and tree.

Could England keep out of a new conflict between Germany and France? Who can say? Her troops are in a most difficult position now in the Cologne area. They are surrounded by French and Belgians with whose policies they do not sympathize; whose policies are responsible for the rapidly increasing unemployment in the British zone which is giving the British officials such deep concern. One of the highest British officials in Cologne is not in the least hesitant as to where he stands: "My sympathies are with the extreme German nationalists." "I spits when I sees a Frenchman," said a British corporal who was just leaving Cologne after a long service abroad, including four years on the French front during the war. His regiment is, like himself, on the side of the Germans. What is more important is that Great Britain's trade interests all incline her to antagonism to the French. There are those who believe that a serious situation will arise in London if, as is threatened, the next French "sanctions" should mean a seizure of Hamburg. Then the lion would roar even if his mouthpiece is so weak a statesman as Baldwin, for that would have a direct bearing upon the question of unemployment in England, which is Baldwin's excuse for seeking a general election at this time. The Admiralty is being urged now to dispatch some cruisers to Hamburg so as to get ahead of a French move. It, if my information is correct, has its plans worked out as to what it will do if war with France comes. Its chief function will be to blockade the French ports, but not to occupy them, which will immediately raise the interesting military question whether ships can blockade harbors nowadays when the bombing air-machine has made such tremendous strides since the war as an offensive weapon.

A visiting European crowned head remarked in London the other day: "Everywhere I go these English tell me they don't *dare* to do this or that." But not all the English are afraid of France's power, for at about the same time a distinguished British soldier was declaring that the air defenses of London could be reestablished in forty-eight hours. "If we have to fight the French we shall dispose of them in five months with the aid of the Germans we shall arm," was his viewpoint. "If we had five shiploads of English airplanes we could begin to fight the French now," said a former German division commander in Berlin just four weeks ago; as it is we shall have to wait until after Christmas." I do not believe the stories that large numbers of men are being trained in Germany. Why should they be? Germany still has millions of war-trained soldiers—all she could possibly handle. There is no doubt, however, that there are groups of ex-officers meeting and planning for the next war and that cannot be stopped by any amount of Allied military control. The danger does not lie there but in the assumption of the government by men like Von Seeckt and Hindenburg, or the rising of the desperate people on the Rhine. I take no stock in the fixing of a nearby time to strike.

That was largely bluff, in my judgment. With Germany in its present chaos it is ridiculous to fix a time for anything. But I know and believe with all earnestness that what Poincaré is doing is bringing on the next war in Europe with giant strides, and that that war is inevitable unless the moral forces of the world are marshaled to stop what is happening in the occupied territories and to get the French out of all of Germany at once. It is for England and America to see that this catastrophe does not come to pass. They can stop it if they will. They will certainly be utterly lacking in true friendship and good-will to France if they do not unite to save her from the grave she is digging not only for herself but for all Europe. It is what A. G. Gardiner calls it in the London *Nation*, "the greatest crime in the history of Europe."

[*Mr. Villard's next article, Germany's Political Failures, will appear in* The Nation *for December 19.*]

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"Reversing" Burleson's Labor Policy

By STERLING DENHARD SPERO

TWO years ago last March Will Hays began to "humanize" the postal service with an honest attempt to right many Burleson injustices. Men who had been dismissed for organization activity were reinstated. Employee organizations were officially recognized. Burleson's policies were to be "completely reversed."

As a guaranty of the permanence and continuity of his new labor policy Mr. Hays established a "welfare division" under a "welfare director," to have oversight of all matters affecting the well-being of the personnel. A National Welfare Council, since rechristened National Service Relations Council, at the employees' request, was organized consisting of two representatives from each national postal organization with the service relations director as chairman. Local service councils were formed at hundreds of first- and second-class post offices, while county councils were established to meet the needs of rural carriers and third- and fourth-class post offices. These councils are purely advisory, although "all matters affecting working conditions of employees or relations between employees, officials, and the public" are declared "legitimate subjects" for "discussion and consideration."

Mr. Hays's first announcement of his welfare policy was greeted with no little suspicion by some of the workers' organizations. They were afraid that the councils were an attempt to backfire them; that the Administration, having seen the failure of other regimes to kill them by force, was trying to kill them by kindness. However, two factors have stood in the way of the use of the councils as clubs against the postal unions. First, the national organizations are the basis of representation on the National Council, and although the local unions or branches are not the unit of representation on local councils, they have, for the most part, succeeded in controlling the election of delegates to those bodies. Second, the councils are not a substitute for the direct dealing of organization officers with the authorities. The "reversal" of Burleson's labor policy gave these officers free access to headquarters.

The National Council meets regularly. It has dealt with a wide variety of questions, ranging from matters of routine and detail to subjects of vital administrative importance. Both the national and the local bodies have dealt with matters affecting the physical surroundings of the workers and have succeeded in having many minor causes of complaint adjusted. However, they have been unable to obtain results where the necessary reform involved the expenditure of money. In such cases the necessity for congressional action made it impossible for the Department to give relief. Many of the improvements with which the councils are credited are really the result of years of agitation on the part of the workers. For instance, their most widely heralded physical improvement, the installation of rest bars for distributors, is something for which the organized clerks had been agitating for at least ten years. Thus far the National Council has taken no position in conflict with the Department. Of the eleven organizations which it represents four represent the supervisory staffs and postmasters, and, as one would expect, cast their votes on the official side. Three others, though representing the rank and file, can usually be depended upon to take no stand likely to bring them into disfavor with the authorities.

When Mr. Hays left the Post Office Department for the movies, his successor, Hubert Work, made his contribution to "humanization" by inaugurating conference-conventions. Mr. Work characterized this innovation as "probably the greatest single accomplishment of the Department" during the first eighteen months of the Harding Administration. These conference-conventions meet once a year in a centrally located city in each State. They are composed of postal employees in the State, the officials, representatives of the Department, and large "users of mail." Employee organizations have no official place in these gatherings. From the point of view of attendance and enthusiasm the conference-conventions have been a great success. It remains to be seen whether they will develop into really useful institutions for the discussion of postal problems, or whether they will be merely occasions for the departmental representatives to make political speeches and pat themselves on the back. Reports of several gatherings so far held unfortunately point in the latter direction.

Unquestionably the morale of the service has improved since March 4, 1921. But this improvement, which was far more noticeable during Mr. Hays's year in office than it has been since, must be credited to factors other than service-relations work and conference-conventions. Any relief from Burleson conditions would have been hailed with joy and could not have failed to have a good effect upon the spirit of the force. But Mr. Burleson's successors have had nothing to do with the factors which have perhaps been the principal causes of a better spirit. The Salary Reclassification Act of June 5, 1920, was wrung from Congress by the organized employees in the face of the old Administration's bitter opposition months before Mr. Harding's election. The Civil Service Retirement Act of May 22, 1920, was the second factor making for a better spirit.

Yet in spite of improvements there have been indications a plenty that "humanization," notwithstanding the labor policy of the Post Office Department, has remained essentially unchanged. Mr. Hays, despite the fact that he told several delegations of employees that he was not enthusiastic about postal organizations affiliating with the American Federation of Labor, kept his promise to "treat all alike." Subordinate officials, however, during his and his successor's regimes have shown no little hostility toward postal unionism.

In the summer of 1922 there was evidence of an official campaign, in the Department's traditional style, against the more independent and progressive employee organizations, especially against the National Federation of Post Office Clerks, the pioneer postal union and the most advanced of all postal associations. Toward the end of June the First Assistant Postmaster General, Mr. Bartlett, established an official censorship over the bulletin boards in the workers' "swing," i.e., rest rooms. Prior to the order the employees had been accustomed to display such matter as they chose upon "swing room" boards.

It is significant that the bulletin-board order came but a few weeks after the National Federation of Post Office

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Clerks had protested to President Harding against alleged violations of the eight-hour law by the postal authorities. When the President upheld the union, the latter in triumph issued a pamphlet containing the full correspondence of the controversy. Mr. Bartlett took indignant exception to this pamphlet, especially to the cover "flash" which read: "Chronological Record of Federation's Fight for Proper Observance of Postal Protective Law." He issued a message "to all post-office clerks," bitterly attacking the federation. Officialdom made every effort to have this message reach all who were supposed to read it. In New York and elsewhere clerks were compelled to sign for copies of the official *Postal Bulletin* which carried it. It is interesting that a few months ago Mr. Bartlett actually told a committee of Congress that the Department had been "compelled" to violate the eight-hour law the previous summer, and thus indirectly admitted the truth of the federation's contentions.

The attack on the federation reached its height at Minneapolis where the president of the clerk's local union, George N. Meyers, who was also president of the city Trades and Labor Assembly, was dismissed from the service because the latter body had passed a resolution condemning President Harding's stand on the railway-shopmen's strike. In response to insistent protests from many quarters, Postmaster General Work sent two inspectors to investigate the case. The investigation bore all the earmarks of an attempt to justify the Administration and disrupt the clerks' union. Meyers's dismissal was treated as a matter of secondary concern. The investigation closed with the discharge of the president, Meyers's successor, and the secretary of the local for technical violations of the postal regulations.

Another employee organization, the Railway Mail Association, has constantly complained that the Department was engaged in a systematic effort to "discredit" it, because of its opposition to the continuation of Burleson's policy of service curtailment for economy's sake. When the association established a system of local service committees to deal with the field officials, it found hostility so great in many centers as to render its efforts toward cooperation impossible.

Nationally, however, the situation seemed more hopeful at the beginning of Mr. Hays's term. The officers and national executive committee of the Railway Mail Association met in joint conference with the officials of the railway-mail service and drew up a series of "agreements" on a number of issues agitating the service. The assistant postmaster general in charge had previously given his assurance that "such agreements as may be reached will be carried out faithfully by the Department." Yet, hardly had the agreements gone into effect when the authorities began to interpret them in such ways as to nullify some of them almost entirely. This was notably true of the "overtime" agreement. The nullifying interpretations brought protests from the convention of the Railway Mail Association. To these protests the same assistant postmater general who had given the assurance just quoted retorted " . . . it is rather disconcerting to find that you feel that the provisions . . . of our agreement are mandatory and that you are disposed to exact literal application of them regardless of the runs affected."

Meanwhile the association's reactionary faction was doing its best to swing the organization back to its old policy of maintaining an official "stand in" and doing nothing to "embarrass" the Administration. It finally succeeded in forcing a referendum to reconsider the question of affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. But when the vote was taken last fall the progressives carried the day, ordering the retention of membership in the American Federation of Labor by a two to one vote.

"Humanization" has failed to shake the bureaucracy from its control of the service. The truth is that the individual employees—city carriers, rural carriers, clerks, and railway-mail clerks—are being driven harder today than ever before. In proportion to the volume of mail the working force is smaller than at any time within the quarter century. Nevertheless "humanization" has had its value in that it has taught the workers that the best intentions of the political heads of the Department are no substitute for strong and independent employee organization.

Is Pan-Americanism a Joke—On Us

By A PAN-AMERICAN JOURNALIST

I AM an Argentine. Not an Argentinian, as you North Americans say, incorrectly, but an Argentine. I have visited your country several times. I profess to know it as well as any intelligent foreigner who is not a permanent resident can know it. But I am not going to tell you what I think of it. Every foreigner does that. I am going to tell you what you think of my country. I am going to tell you that, although your Government and many of your public men have for years been fostering a creed called "Pan-Americanism," or "Pan-American solidarity," such a thing is still more of an idea than a fact.

Listen to my conversation with George Hopkins Smith, Esq., a New York lawyer, graduate of Yale; or maybe it is Bertram A. Jones, of Chicago, box manufacturer, graduate of the University of Michigan; or Lucas Robinson, editor of the Minneapolis *Blade*.

"How do you do, Mister—er Quintana? You are a South American, are you?" he remarks when I am introduced to him as recently arrived from Buenos Aires.

"Well," I reply, "I was born in Argentina."

"Yes, I had heard you were a South American. I've met quite a number of your countrymen lately, and they all spoke English so well, like yourself. I met one from Santiago. Then I met a most charming South American woman. She came from Montevideo, I think—wonderfully well dressed. I took her for an American. Really, you South Americans are comers. How are things in South America, anyway?"

"That's a pretty big question," I answer. "It's rather a big continent, you know. I can speak only for my own country."

"Yes, of course. I meant to say how are things in Brazil?"

"But I come from Buenos Aires."

"Oh yes, to be sure; Buenos Aires is the capital of Argentina and it's Rio that's the capital of Brazil. I remember now—Rio is where Hughes went to the exposition they had there to celebrate Brazil's declaration of independence from Spain a hundred years ago."

"From Spain?" I exclaim. "Pardon me for correcting

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you—from Portugal. Brazil was settled by the Portuguese, you remember. They speak Portuguese in Brazil."

"They do? You don't say? Yes, I remember now. I was thinking that all you South Americans spoke Spanish."

"No more than all you North Americans speak English," I remark.

"But we do all speak English, except, of course, in the foreign colonies in the big cities."

"Not in Mexico," I retort.

"Mexico? Mexicans aren't Americans" (astonished).

"Not citizens of the United States, but Mexico is in North America and so is Canada."

"But they are three different countries; quite different."

"To be sure, and so are all the countries in South America quite different. Had you ever thought of that?"

Thereupon I try to persuade George Hopkins Smith, Esq., to listen to a lecture, or possibly it is Mr. Jones, the manufacturer, or Editor Robinson—let it be any one of them. I have had such conversations with dozens of your fellow-countrymen, and occasionally one of them shows enough interest to hear me through. If so, I say to him:

"You North Americans—you Americans, as you exclusively call yourselves—lump the ten nations of South America into one. Argentina, Ecuador, Colombia, Uruguay, Chile, Venezuela, Peru, Paraguay, Brazil, Bolivia—they're all the same to you. Ethnologically, philologically, economically, and even politically you think of them as a unit. You do not grant them national individuality. I have talked with people in all parts of your country, including your government officials at Washington, educated men like yourself. Almost without exception they referred to me, as you have, as a 'South American.' They spoke of 'conditions in South America,' of products and information that came 'from South America'; seldom of any special country. It did not occur to them, as in your case, that they were talking to an Argentine, or that Argentina is as different from Venezuela, and Brazil as different from Chile, as the United States is from Australia.

"I *am* a South American, geographically," I continue, "just as Canadians and Mexicans, geographically, are North Americans, but I was born in, owe allegiance to, and fervently love a country called Argentina, *la Republica Argentina*. I have respect and what we call in Spanish *confraternidad* for the people of other South American countries, but I do not relish having my nationality obliterated by being classed without distinction with Brazilians, Venezuelans, Paraguayans, Peruvians, and Chileans. I know that they feel the same way about it.

"Once, when one of your Secretaries of State was visiting Uruguay while on a mission of friendship to several South American republics, a number of your journalists who accompanied him were tendered a banquet by the journalists of Montevideo. High Uruguayan government officials, the leading editors, and other important personages were present. There was much good oratory, in Spanish, dwelling on the same old 'bonds of friendship that unite the republics of Uruguay and the United States' of which the guests of honor did not understand a word. One of them, however, had to make a speech in reply, which he did in English while an interpreter translated it into Spanish, sentence by sentence. He, too, expatiated on the bonds of friendship, but not between Uruguay and the United States. No, his theme was the ties that bind the United States and South America. And in concluding he said 'Gentlemen, I lift my glass to South America.' 'Uruguay, you chump. Drink to Uruguay,' stage-whispered a resident and wiser North American correspondent who sat at his side. And the speaker lamely added to his sentence the name of the proud country in which he was being entertained.

" 'What did you make me do that for?' he asked afterward.

" 'For the same reason,' said the resident correspondent, 'that, had you been making a speech like this in Paris and had lifted your glass to Europe—you wouldn't have done it. Can you imagine what a hit a toast to Europe would make with the French these days? You know that it would be meaningless. It is just as meaningless here to drink a toast to South America.' "

"But we have only the friendliest feelings for you, Mr. Quintana," says my victim.

"Oh, we don't doubt that. We in Argentina accept your good intentions and good-will, but what irritates us is your profound ignorance of us, what we are and what we do. Knowing what a great nation you are, we wish your understanding and recognition of our individuality. We read emanations from the Pan-American Union headquarters in Washington eulogizing us, telling of our resources, our high civilization, and our bright future, but when I come to visit you and say I am from Buenos Aires, I am taken for a Brazilian or just a 'South American.' I wonder who reads this literature of the Pan-American Union, anyway.

"The most of you picture us as half-breed Indians squatting about the doors of adobe huts, weaving mats, pounding corn in a mortar, and fetching water from the river in clay jugs. You have seen pictures of the half-naked tribes on the Amazon, or the remnant of the Incas in the Andes, and that is your picture of all of us."

"Oh, I am sure you exaggerate, Mr. Quintana. I never quite thought that myself, and I am certain the majority of Americans know you are far beyond that stage."

"Perhaps I do exaggerate," I interrupt, "perhaps I do; but let me tell you what a New York newspaper published about the proprietor of an Argentine newspaper on his arrival in New York a few years ago. His paper is as successful and as internationally enterprising as that which sent a reporter to interview him. At the conclusion of the article the reporter wrote: 'The South American editor was dressed like any other gentleman.'

"The editor still keeps a clipping of this article as an amusing souvenir of his visit to the United States. 'I suppose,' he told me, 'that the reporter expected to find me dressed in a belt of palm leaves or, at the best, wearing a poncho.'

"I replied that I should have thought that a great New York newspaper would know better than to publish such a characterization.

" 'No,' laughed the Argentine editor, 'the reporter was a good reporter when he wrote that. It appealed to him and to the newspaper as news and, I found out, it *was* news to most of its readers that a person from anywhere in South America was dressed like any other gentleman.'

"Some time ago, your Secretary of State, Mr. Colby, visited Buenos Aires. He had received big popular demonstrations in Rio and in Montevideo, but when he stepped ashore at Buenos Aires the welcoming populace consisted of about fifty Americans, two Argentines who had been educated in the United States, and the longshoremen. No cheering people lined the streets as he drove to his hotel.

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There was a quiet reception by Argentine government officials at the pier, an escort of grenadiers, but that was all. What was the trouble?

"Unfortunately it chanced to be New Year's Day, business was closed, and many people were away. Mr. Colby's loyal attachés were surprised and chagrined, I happen to know, at what they called a frosty reception, but one of the newspaper correspondents with him sensed the reason when he cabled to his paper: 'Secretary Colby made about as much impression upon arriving at Buenos Aires as the Argentine Foreign Minister would make on arriving in New York. It was not due to lack of respect for Mr. Colby or unfriendliness toward the nation he represented that he was not welcomed by 'cheering thousands.' It was that he was 'lost in the big city,' a city of nearly 1,800,000 inhabitants, accustomed to the visits, also, of distinguished Europeans."

"Your story is something of an eye-opener for me," say the lawyer, the manufacturer, the editor—almost all of them who have heard me through. The editor says that about the only thing that has ever made news from any of them is an earthquake or a revolution. The box manufacturer says he has such a good business at home that he does not need to export to South American countries and therefore has no special interest in them. The lawyer says he has always been interested in foreign affairs, but his outlook has been chiefly toward Europe. He always thought it a good idea for the Government to help the young South American republics along and keep the Monroe Doctrine going to protect them. He always supposed that "South Americans" liked the idea and that *they* were the people who were keen for Pan-Americanism. "Who started the Pan-American Union?" I asked him. "Hm--m, who did start it?" he reflects and recalls that it was the United States.

This lecture does not pretend to mean that we Argentines believe our country to be in every respect as progressive as yours. But we study you. You do not study us. We know your history. What you know of the histories of the respective South American republics can be summed up in three words—"series of revolutions." And what you know of them today seems little more than that they compose that vague geographical place, South America, that reminds you on the map of a top or a ham.

So I say, if you really want effective Pan-American cooperation, take some interest in us. It is hard for us to cooperate with people who are not interested in us. Teach your children the histories of the South American republics, give them books to study that will tell them what these republics are today. That will bring to the next generation the interest and the understanding that are necessary.

Contributors to This Issue

EDGAR LEE MASTERS, author of "Spoon River Anthology" and many other volumes of verse and prose, has recently brought out a new novel, "The Nuptial Flight."

STERLING DENHARD SPERO is making a study of unionism in the federal service.

In the issue of November 14 it was erroneously stated that Magdeleine Marx is author of only one novel which has been translated into English. Two novels, "Woman" and "You," have been translated and published by Thomas Seltzer.

How Many Hirams?

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

HAVING in the course of the last six years devoted many industrious, even if not laborious, hours to researches into the temperament of Hiram Johnson, and having often continued these researches to the point of the complete exhaustion and exasperation of the subject, I feel encouraged—and even qualified—to give an authoritative answer to the principal question which now seems to agitate the politically minded people of this country.

Is Hiram Johnson a "progressive"? Or is he a "conservative"?

Sometimes this problem is put more bitterly:

Has Hiram Johnson *ceased* to be a "progressive"? Has he *become* a "conservative"?

It is readily then to be seen that two deep difficulties are involved. First: What is progressivism? Second: Has Hiram Johnson changed?

The second difficulty is to me no difficulty at all. In spite of Hiram Johnson's offishness toward and from reporters, and in spite of his secluded determination to live in an antique colonial country-house in a grove some eight or nine miles out of Washington at the spur-end of a wretched road, I have pursued him and I have wrung his guilty secret from him.

This man Hiram Johnson is precisely the same man who came here six years ago.

He has not changed by an inch, an ounce, a jot, or a tittle. Whatever conservatism is in him now was in him then. Whatever progressivism was in him then is in him now. It is a political progressivism, a humanitarian progressivism, and not an economic progressivism.

Johnson thought—and thinks—that the electorate should be permitted (through such devices as direct primaries) to express its will freely and fully and directly in affairs of government and in affairs of party.

He thought—and thinks—that a railroad company (as, for instance, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company) should be a railroad and not a government.

He thought—and thinks—that wage-earners, when too weak to protect themselves, should be protected by law in the matter of the physical conditions of their employment.

It followed that he arrived in Washington trailing behind him a sort of comet's tail of supposed general complete comprehensive "progressivism." It was an optical illusion.

The intellectual fallacy which produced it can be stated very simply. It can be stated—I hope without offense—in the form of a homely and humble parable.

Once there was a man who liked apples. He liked them so much that he gained for himself a most tremendous national reputation as an apple-eater. Then, however, the fashion changed to pears. Now this man, as it happened, was no horticulturist and no pomologist. He had in his head no system of horticultural or pomological science. He knew nothing about any inward biological relationship between apples and pears. He would have been unable to perceive any reason why he himself, having found apples pleasant to his palate, should find pears equally pleasant. In any case it soon appeared that his appetite for pears was decidedly feeble. He just simply was no success as a

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pear-eater. Thereupon he sustained the following experience in cross-fire criticism.

Not only everybody who liked both pears and apples, but also everybody who hated both pears and apples, rose with the same unanimous motion from the table and shouted:

"You traitor! You welcher and quitter! You gorged yourself on apples and now instead of eating pears you actually eat oranges. You were in favor of throwing the Southern Pacific Railroad Company out of the politics of California. Now you have favored federal governmental aid to the American merchant marine! You voted to let the people of California have the initiative and referendum. Now you have voted to give them a high tariff on their lemons and almonds! You were for a minimum-wage law for women. Now you refuse to come out for a governmental corporation to buy the farmer's wheat! How dare you? As progressives, we denounce you. As conservatives, we denounce you. We have a philosophy. You may not see the connection between being for the referendum and having to be for a low tariff. We, however, do see it. Both propositions annoy the regulars. What is progressivism if not annoying the regulars? You, Hiram Johnson, made your start annoying the regulars; and, by the Eternal, you've got to keep on."

Such is the fate of Johnson, if certain persons of the grand right and of the grand left could have their way. Some such persons, of a character somewhat less arbitrary than in my fable, are indeed wiser, I think, than Johnson. They are wiser if they search indeed for a "progressivism" which will cover these latter-day economic questions as well as the old and easily heroic human political questions of the heyday of the initiative and the referendum and the recall and the direct primary and the oriflamme of Armageddon: "Let the people rule!"

In this issue it is true that Johnson is not a "progressive." It is also quite true that not Johnson—and not anybody else in political life in Washington, except Brookhart of Iowa—has even a suggestion for any really new economic order.

I do not call it "progressivism" simply to make suggestions for visiting upon our present economic order a plague of embarrassments and impediments.

Economic democracy means outright positive democratic cooperation in production and distribution and credit; or else it means not only nothing, but, through putting on the brakes without inventing any new steam, it means worse than nothing.

Johnson is politically a progressive. Politically he can see—and say—that the Southern Pacific has no right to rule California and that the United States Marine Corps has no right to rule Haiti and that the League of Nations has no right to rule the world.

In economics on the other hand Johnson belongs to no school. He sees no scheme that convinces him for any new economic order. He accordingly honestly accepts the present economic order. He honestly refrains from trying to sabotage it. He at the same time is frankly determined that heavy profits shall continue to carry heavy corresponding burdens. He is willing to see the top dog rise but he is not willing to see the under dog kicked. That is all. I would not call it economic "progressivism" or economic "conservatism." I would call it just present-day unphilosophical hard headed human hearted ordinary average puzzled economic Americanism.

O You Young Eagles!

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS

O you young eagles!
Fluttering out of nests in the mountains of vision,
Whose peaks stand calm as crystal
Amid vast azures of liberties;
You who opened eyes upon sky-girt seas of dawn,
And closed them amid the fraternal watchfulness of stars,
There in nests a century old,
O you young eagles,
Who seeing the sun-light of ascendant futures
Glistening the halcyon freshness of your feathers,
Beat your golden breasts with your wings—
Eagles of the Republic to be—
O you young eagles!

From the plains you come, and the valleys,
From the hills and the forested rivers,
From shores of the sea, and miles of meadow,
From summits of green, and levels of gold,
And slopes of purple where long winds blow;
From measureless stretches of corn,
Waving incalculable flags of green
To the marching of states and races;
From mountains where gusted storms
Eddy the snow, you come.
Flapping expectant wings, and calling,
And streaming across the heavens
To touch gray towers and halls of ivy,
Pausing to drink, to feed.
Then on! Storming the sky with wings,
And scattering from the assaulted sun
Sparks on the earth as you fly.
Eagles of the Republic to be—
O you young eagles!

The kites and crows fly you,
And hide from you,
And whistle and croak for you.
The barnyard fowls run cackling,
And call for shelters and laws!
Noisy and harmless barnyard fowls!
Give them the picketed yard and the coop,
The earth is yours beside, and the peaks,
And the kingdom of clouds—
O you young eagles!

Who will gather you under his wings
After you have left the nest?
Only the wings of the sun shall gather you,
After you leave your golden eggs in the nest
To be changed to wings
By the breast of a rising sun.

Rejoice, young eagles,
For the long flight ahead;
For the ecstasy of the battles
On your way to the sun!

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In the Driftway

EDISON has been talking again about the coming of the four-hour working day—how we are progressing toward it with modern science and invention. Steinmetz, too, thought we were approaching it. In one of the last quoted utterances before his death he predicted that the working day of four hours was within seeing distance because of the vast development in labor-saving devices and methods.

* * * * *

THE Drifter regrets to dissent from this cheerful note. Despite his respect for the science of Edison and Steinmetz he thinks that their prophecy of the coming of the four-hour day on the wings of modern industrialism has about as much chance of becoming history as a peach crate of going through the Niagara whirlpool intact. The Drifter has a hunch—he will not dignify it as prophecy—that modern industrialism is not going to shorten the working day by a hair's breadth. In fact the Drifter goes further; he asserts that—contrary to popular belief—the working day is longer today than it was a hundred years ago. He is well aware that there is an array of statistics on the other side—that he is likely to be buried under an avalanche of official reports including all the latest inventions of the mathematicians. The trouble with these statistics is that—like most others—they are compiled by arithmeticians, not by philosophers. The working day must be judged not merely by the hours that one is on the job but by the energy it takes out of you; leisure is to be measured not by time only but by the strength which remains to utilize it. If, after six hours' labor, one is "all in" for the rest of the day, then his effective leisure is less than if, at the end of ten hours, he is still fresh. The Drifter holds that modern "speeding up" has more than destroyed the advantage of so-called shorter hours.

* * * * *

MODERN civilization has attacked leisure at another point. The worker, in many instances, has been so far removed from his work that he has to spend two to four hours a day going and coming. This should be included in an estimate of the working day. Half an hour in a New York subway is sometimes harder than four hours behind a store counter or a work bench. Then, too, a modern worker's working day does, and must, include a variety of activities outside office or shop; there is the labor union, the political club, the lodge—attention to which is often as important to success as any effort on the job.

* * * * *

NOT only have modern science and invention done nothing to shorten the true working day, but they are not even headed that way. The result of labor-saving machinery and methods has been merely to increase what we call the standard of living. This means an increase *only* in pointless luxury and needless waste. Science and invention, as the tools of modern industrialism, have released labor in one quarter only to divert it to a totally unnecessary piling up of material flubdubbery and hypercomplication of the already too complicated machinery of living.

* * * * *

MEN now, as always, work as long as they are willing to; and they have been so keyed up by present conditions that they are probably working a harder day than at any time since the Garden of Eden. Modern industry does not offer the slightest prospect of alleviation. The only chance for more loafing is through a will to do less work, a will to simplify rather than augment the standard of living, a will to so organize life that making a living will become an incident instead of an occupation—a will to drift.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

[Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.]

That Typical American Dinner

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Of all the dishes suggested for entertaining Mr. Lloyd George, including stuffed roast turkey, pumpkin and apple pie, caramel ice cream, terrapin and canvas-back duck, mashed potatoes, coffee, etc., etc., none can compare with the most popular and typical American dinner, namely, the chop suey, to satisfy the hungry curiosity of the distinguished guest.

Chop suey is American in original production and in make, and therefore deserves an honorable mention.

THEODORE B. TU

Chinese Students' Music Club, New York, November 25

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to add a shot of realism to the galaxy of effusions your letter columns have contained apropos an American dinner. A dinner peculiar to one section of this country, or one found only on the tables of a minority class, should not be adorned with the adjective American. A dinner that will have a national vogue during the coming winter, exceeding beyond calculation those menus presented by the epicureans, one that will be luscious to the gullets of millions, I offer the gastronomical nirvana of the unemployed proletariat: "Coffee and—" I believe this menu to be truly worthy of being known as an American dinner.

Seattle, Washington, November 19 WILLIAM FARGHER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me flatly to contradict W. B. of Magog, P. Q., who writes you that "cream that has come through a separator does not get as thick as cream that has risen in a pan." When my father was pastor at East Hardwick, between 1890 and 1900, we used to get from the East Hardwick creamery, for twenty cents a quart, cream so thick that very commonly it was quite impossible to pour it from a pint pitcher at all, and the only way to get it out was with a spoon, although it was perfectly fresh and sweet—much fresher, I understand, than cream risen in a pan could possibly be, for this was cream from a separator. It all depends on how you set your separator. What W. B. says about "thick clots" implies that between his clots there is something thinner in which the clots swim, hence that the mass as a whole must be capable of pouring, and that he is ignorant of sweet cream too thick to pour and thought the Drifter was exaggerating when he spoke of such. I don't mean to deny that W. B.'s cream is doubtless good stuff, and I wish I had any quantity of it from a teaspoonful to a gallon right now.

A year or two ago I went into a restaurant on the outskirts of Boston's Jewish tenement-house quarter and asked for strawberry ice cream. The man evidently misunderstood me and handed out a big saucer of strawberries smothered in plenty of real thick cream, about as thick as it could be and be easy to pour. I didn't know there was such cream in Boston, and I don't know now where or how he got it; but I ate the dish with delight, without hinting that he had given me the wrong thing. I believe this also was twenty cents.

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The trouble with city milk is that the city man is willing to pay at milk prices for all the water that the cow will put into the milk. As long as the water is put in by the cow and not by a man it is "milk." Consequently the Holstein is the cow to raise for producing milk to be sold to the city jay, because the Holstein, the big black-and-white brute, is the one that will put most water in her milk and so will give most quarts for a ton of feed. The creamery, and presumably the condensed-milk factory, does not buy by the quart but by the amount of food in the milk; so the cow to raise for selling milk to the creamery is the Jersey, the one that puts in least water and gives out in her milk the greatest amount of food material for every ton of feed that she eats. A fair imitation of Holstein milk can be made by mixing with Jersey milk a considerable dose of water and a tiny bit of sugar. Convenient statistics for precise computation may be found in the New International Encyclopaedia under Cattle. When the city's increasing demand for milk taps a district that had previously been making butter and cheese, the farmers there begin to sell their Jerseys and buy Holsteins. I suppose the city man will learn to buy his milk at so much per unit of actual food value about as soon as he learns to buy his coal, big-factory fashion, at so much per B.T.U. and not per ton.

Ballard Vale, Mass., November 26 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

The Lively Generation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is such a note of challenge in the unsigned article entitled The Languid Generation in *The Nation* of November 21 that those of us among the "languid generation" who have seen it feel the thrust keenly and stand ready to defend ourselves, as not a languid but as a lively generation. The charge that "the students in the colleges" are "not interested in anything" is, to our minds, preposterous and unwarrantable. The editors and managers of college undergraduate newspapers may find their task a baffling one, but that is not sufficient ground for assuming that their readers have no interests worth mentioning.

Generally speaking, the college girl's interests lie in three spheres: her activities within college; her own activities without college; and the activities of her family, friends, and the world at large. The girl's world within college absorbs the majority of her time and attention because its demands in these respects are great. Besides her academic work she has dramatics or music or athletics or literary jobs, and in the case of a large group of students she has some position in college government, or the Christian Association, or on her house staff which arouses her interest in that particular field. The academic work itself, however, does the most to locate and develop her interest. If she happens to be taking a course in English composition, which involves a study of current daily and weekly newspapers, well and good—the incentive is provided, she takes her newspapers, reads them, and establishes a contact with the outside world. But if she elects to take languages, or literature, or some branch of learning that does not necessarily have to do with international politics, it does not mean that she is any the less interested. And her interest is just as strong and just as worthwhile as that of the student taking English composition.

The college newspaper, therefore, must be content to be, for the most part, a chronicler of events of the college world. Its scope is limited, its news, even concerning college affairs, is necessarily confined. It should not expect more than a limited amount of interest and enthusiasm. Which fact prevents it from being an adequate judge of whether the college girl is interested in anything. The college girl herself must be the judge. I, for one, characterize her interest as "lively" rather than as lacking or "languid."

Wellesley, Mass., November 29 CONSTANCE MOTT-SMITH

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Books

A Man's Woman

The End of the House of Alard. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

MY long-standing preference for English novels as against American novels is in no wise shaken by reading "The End of the House of Alard." It possesses, like many others from the same general source, solidity, richness, finish, background, planes, perspective. You may proclaim that you prefer a new growth from a new soil. You are free, of course, to choose between a shoot from an old tree and some seedling that starts up on its own account. In the one case you may get the continuing oak; in the other you may get, let us say, the improvising ailantus—which prompt and facile product, as I have lately learned in suburban Connecticut, is often ranked as a "weed."

Here in her latest work, as elsewhere, Miss Kaye-Smith closes a strong little fist on significant realities. In her selection and treatment of themes, and more especially in her selection and treatment of characters, she may fairly be called—to give the expression a slight twist—a man's woman. In "The Tramping Methodist" she shows a picaresque hero enmeshed in murder and love. Another early hero, Starbrace, rebels against family tyranny and runs away to join the smugglers. The protagonist of "Green Apple Harvest" exhibits the failures of an honest and earnest young man in love and religion. That of "Tamarisk Town" is a real-estate operator, as we should say, who is intent on turning a simple fishing-village into a seaside resort. The chief figure of "Sussex Gorse" concentrates with a not dissimilar intensity on country-side instead of seaside. Everywhere masculine interests, male melodrama, boundless virility, the rugged life of the yeoman farmer, with full cognizance of oath and beer, of crop rotation, and of barnyard activities. If one were to search our own fiction for a reasonably close analogue to Sheila Kaye-Smith, one might find it in Ottilie Liljencrantz, who, some twenty years ago, was busying herself with the heroes of Scandinavian saga and legend. In both cases the general tendency has been away from woman, with her griefs and grievances, great or little, and toward man, with the glory of his combat against fate and circumstance. Woman has her place, true; but she often takes her chances around and between.

Miss Kaye-Smith too has been "historical": her first things had to do with the earlier decades of the nineteenth century and with the middle of the eighteenth. And probably her present novel will rise to the dignity of the historical—however much that may amount to—with the passing of the years. It is an important socio-historical document.

Heretofore, Miss Kaye-Smith has been content usually to depict the yeoman class. If the "county families" existed for her they were in the background as a part of the set scene. But the Alards move to the front plane. They have lived too far into an unpropitious present, and their landed estate, now disintegrating, is almost the protagonist of the story: at least, four component parts of it give names to the four sections of which the book is made and provide the four general scenes of action—all quite as in a well-balanced play. In brief, an ancient historical estate has fallen upon evil times, and each of the younger generation, in his or her way and to his or her capacity, is called upon for sacrifice to the family and its land. One gives up love to marry money; another, faced with the prospect of marrying poor, gives up marriage altogether. Only two younger members escape. One rebels at Oxford, turns to mechanical pursuits, and finally, in reaction against an older brother who is an Anglican rector, takes refuge, the last male of the clan, in a Catholic order. Another accepts a young farmer to whom part of the consecrated yet heavily mortgaged acres have been sold. The book, in its essence, portrays the break-up of an established social system and records the vain sacrifices mistakenly made to maintain it.

The advantages of a stage already set are obvious; also those of characters and properties more or less "bespoke." The result need never be staleness, tedium, and constraint, when past is thus linked up with present and when future is foreshadowed. Where all is informed with an alert and penetrating spirit of social criticism, any *donnée*, however familiar, may be triumphantly saved and worked. Miss Kaye-Smith is by no means content with presenting a single detached figure, nor even a small group in the round; she prefers to employ, frieze-like, a series of relations and interrelations, with its wide opportunities for a comprehensive treatment of tendency and change. It is such a procedure that gives a novel the better half of its value.

HENRY B. FULLER

Primitive Mentality?

Primitive Mentality. By Lucien Lévy-Bruhl. Translated by Lilian A. Claire. The Macmillan Company. $5.

THE thesis which Lévy-Bruhl presents in this work, designed to follow and supplement his earlier "Fonctions Mentales dans les Sociétés Inférieures," can be given briefly. The mind of the primitive, he holds, operates in a manner which differs fundamentally from that of modern man. This difference is not inherent: " . . . it is due neither to incapacity or inaptitude, since those who have drawn our attention to this feature of primitive mentality expressly state that among them are 'minds quite as capable of scientific thought as those of Europeans.'" . . . The difference is purely cultural, and is due to the method of approach which the primitive takes toward his problems. Thus, we see that primitive man determines whether a thing should or should not be done by means of auguries, overcomes his enemy by magic, propitiates his forebears whose ghosts have the power to help or harm him, obeys his dreams, and heeds the omens he has been taught to deem significant.

Why is there to be found this attitude on the part of primitive man? "The solution of the enigma is . . . in the mystical and prelogical character of primitive mentality." "Instead of both cause and effect being perceptible in time and nearly always in space, as in our case, primitive mentality admits only one of the two conditions to be perceptible at one time; the other belongs to the sum total of those entities which are invisible and imperceptible to sense." The primitive man thinks in terms of this mystical universe, and therefore has no trouble, we are told, in accusing his friend of stealing his belongings because he saw the act done in a dream; the time-element and spacial relations involved do not trouble him. Again, the primitive mind is indifferent to secondary causes, according to Lévy-Bruhl. With us, it is different—brought face to face with phenomena entirely mysterious, we merely reflect that we cannot account for them because we do not know enough about them, and search for the secondary causes which underlie them, and thus finally solve our problems. Not so the savage; his world is one of "mystic participation"; death is not caused by natural forces but by magical ones; physiological manifestations are of no import when contrasted with mystical ones.

The thesis set forth above is supported by an overwhelming array of comparative data. There are many examples cited, and these, together with the attitude of the author that the basis of this special aspect of the savage is cultural rather than biological, make the work a persuasive one. But we do not believe that the thesis can be sustained. Thus, we are told that, to the savage, the world is a closed system, in which there is no room for accident or chance happenings. But this, indeed, is the very attitude of the most rigorous scientist, and while it must not be assumed that the ideas of the primitive and the scientist are alike, the attitude itself, if Lévy-Bruhl is correct in his description of it, is identical. Cause and effect is the first law of science—that the primitive visualizes his cause as

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mystical is merely because his historical background has never prompted him to search the field of nature. It would seem, further, that the author errs when he attributes to all civilized persons mental attitudes different from those of the savage. It may be true that the scientist, in his laboratory, reasons strictly and from secondary causes—but we do not have to look far to see this same scientist, out of his laboratory, going to church on Sunday to worship a Being who is not so far removed, psychologically, from the spirits of the savage! Ask the man on the street what makes the light go on when you press a button, and he will reply "Electricity." But does he try to reason about the "secondary causes" involved? Not even the most enthusiastic supporter of Lévy-Bruhl would argue so.

It may be true that we believe that death occurs "when the heart stops racing." But it is also true that we talk of death as occurring when the soul, an essentially mystical something, leaves the body. It may be true that the primitive man worships his fetishes, and does as they demand, but one does not have to search far to see how the flower of our own culture reacts to the fetish of the flag or the words "patriotism," "constitution," or "democracy." The fetishes may be different—the psychology is the same. And as for the importance of dreams—any Freudian can tell you that their interpretation is not restricted to primitive man. The author admits, too, that cause and effect as we know it, is realized by the primitive man when he makes his implements or his weapons. But the significance of this fact is not realized, nor is it sufficiently exploited in this work, for it is of great importance in considering the processes of "primitive mentality," granting that there may be anything which is peculiarly such.

The translation of the work is excellent, and nothing is lost by it. Not as much can be said of the bibliographic material used by the author. The American data, particularly, are highly insufficient—the superb series of the Jessup Expedition, the many works from the Bureau of American Ethnology, the American Museum of Natural History, the University of California, and the Canadian Geological Survey are not utilized at all. And while the data on Africa and the South Seas are reasonably complete, it is significant that the author has rested his case mainly on reference to those continents about which there is the least exact knowledge.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

World Politics

History of Modern Europe 1878-1919. By G. P. Gooch. Henry Holt and Company. $5.

IN the third and second centuries B.C. the Romans fought a series of *guerres à outrance* with the Carthaginians. Carthage was destroyed; the history of the struggle has come down to us only through Roman sources; and Punic faith has since been synonymous with bad faith. In the World War England controlled the seas and the channels of information; and for several years it looked as if the Hun of English propaganda would attain the dignity of history. But the story of the recent war is not likely to be told to posterity exclusively from the victor's point of view. On the contrary, the most reliable sources of information are those put at our disposal through investigations of the archives of Germany and Austria by official and semi-official committees. To these must be added the archives of England's turncoat ally Russia and, less reliable though no less important, a mass of memoirs, speeches, and correspondence of many of the actors on both sides and the official blue, yellow, orange, white, and other highly colorful books of the interested Powers. He who would assay the difficult task of summarizing all this but recently available knowledge must have mastered the art of history and be prepared to allow prejudice to yield to fact.

Mr. Gooch's qualifications for such an undertaking are already well known. In the present work he has made use of almost everything of value on the history of international diplomacy since the Congress of Berlin, and very few are the moot points of that most mooted of periods to which he has not brought some very definite light. What it must have cost in the sacrifice of the personal element alone is attested by the fact that, Englishman though he is, only once does he allow himself to call the Germans names (on p. 388 he says that the remarkable treaty of alliance at Björko in 1905 between the Czar and the Kaiser was "treacherously extorted" by the latter) and only once does he permit his patriotism to run off with his better judgment (on p. 256 he grieves that "Great Britain has never obtained credit on the Continent for her disinterested humanitarianism"). Aside from these two lapses, international events since 1879, which he chose as a point of departure rather than the more reasonable date of 1870 because he wishes this book to be regarded as the continuation of Fyffe's "History of Modern Europe 1792-1878," are described as the sorry muddle they were, all nations being held equally guilty for the tragic culmination. "The root of the evil lay in the division of Europe into two armed camps . . . and the conflict was the offspring of fear no less than ambition. . . . It is a mistake to imagine that the conflict of 1914 took Europe unawares, for the statesmen and soldiers had been expecting it and preparing for it for many years. It is also a mistake to attribute exceptional wickedness to the governments who, in the words of Lloyd George, stumbled and staggered into the war."

If the book does not remain "standard" for some years to come it will be because new light is being shed upon the history of the last fifty years almost every day and what is a good account now must soon become obsolete. Sometime in the future, England, France, and the United States will open their archives, and it will perhaps be found that the parts played by them were not so much more commendable than Germany's as Mr. Gooch, in his anxiety not to assign motives unless he can find documentary proof for them, has represented. It is a result of this anxiety that in the early part of this work Russian statesmen, whose secrets the Bolsheviks have laid bare to the world, are revealed as the grossest materialists as compared with the English statesmen, for whose motives only their own words are available as evidence. And as German statesmen succeed the Russians as the disturbers of the *pax Britannica*, they inherit also the gross materialism of the latter, thanks to Kautsky and his associates and to the editors of "Die Grosse Politik der Europäischen Kabinette." It is not Mr. Gooch's fault that that is the effect his book creates. He himself is quite convinced that the idea of a guilty nation is based upon a myth. But where he had to use, for instance, a semi-official report in the *Quarterly Review* for his source of information on England's part in the Bagdad Railway negotiations or Cook's "How Britain Strove for Peace" on her part in the negotiations with Germany since 1905, it was inevitable that he should leave an impression entirely to the disadvantage of the German negotiators, upon whom there is more information to be had, unless he had been willing to grant that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in official and semi-official documents. If Mr. Gooch is at fault in not granting this, it is well to remember that even a momentary departure from documentary material might have lifted him into the thin air of speculation with little hope of regaining *terra firma*.

Upon some of Mr. Gooch's conclusions there is still room for debate. Many will disagree with him in his belief that it is mere legend that Great Britain's hostility to Germany originated in commercial jealousy rather than in naval rivalry, as he prefers to believe. Not all historians will be as ready to excuse Grey's secret diplomacy in the decade before the war, to applaud Lloyd George's moderation at Versailles, and to overlook the deliberate plan of aggressive alliance promoted by Izvolski and Poincaré that is so conclusively shown in the documents published by De Siebert and Marchand. Perhaps, too, in view of Dobrolorsky's none too convincing denial, there will be some hesitation in believing that Sukhomlinoff carried out

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the general mobilization of the Russian army despite the Czar's order to the contrary. Nor is there yet sufficient ground for a definite statement that the Lusitania was not armed on its fatal voyage.

But these are points which in the present heat of controversy probably occupy a more important place than they will for posterity. In view of the existing state of knowledge and passions it is hard to see how a better epitome of world politics from the Congress of Berlin to the Congress of Versailles could have been written. LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK

Alexander Herzen

The Memoirs of Alexander Herzen. Parts I and II. Translated by J. D. Duff. Yale University Press. $4.

I CAN think of no greater service that I might render my friends in the capacity of reviewer than to recommend the reading of this book. These memoirs are in a sense the history of Russia and in another sense the study of a spiritual adventure, as well as the chronicle of a noble man. Through anecdote and biography, description and reflections, the enormous panorama from Napoleon's capture of Moscow to the revolutions of the fifties is unfolded. The interest that the volume evokes is nothing short of amazing; the wit and wisdom it contains is a source of continuous delight; and the enthusiasm it arouses is a measure of the reader's soul. Obviously then, it is nothing like the average autobiography. It is rather an artist's portfolio filled with pastels, vivid and beautiful; it is a repository of a cosmopolitan's opinions on national traits and customs.

Alexander Herzen was a name to conjure with among the revolutionaries of pre-Revolution Russia. There were many who had sacrificed as much and suffered even more for Russian freedom, but few had served the cause of liberty with such unselfish and unswerving devotion. Though a member of the nobility he chose prison and exile by throwing down the gauntlet to Power. At the age of twenty-two he was imprisoned for almost a year and then sent into exile on the borders of Siberia for five years. On his release he was forced to live under police supervision, but that did not curtail his activities. A year later he was again arrested and exiled for three years.

In 1847 Herzen was permitted to leave Russia never to return. In France, Italy, Switzerland, but mainly in England, he spent the remaining twenty-three years of his life publishing a Russian paper that enjoyed an enormous though underground circulation—even the Czar read the forbidden magazine. Both at home and abroad this Russian Voltaire was the intimate of brilliant and now famous men. The older members of his circle had been the friends "of Voltaire and Beaumarchais, of Diderot and Casti"; the younger were Carlyle, Pushkin, Heine, Proudhon, Bakunin, and Darwin. That Herzen gave as much as he received is obvious to the reader of these memoirs. His penetrating and logical mind anticipated much that has since been associated with one great man or another.

Likewise, his discussions of the types represented by the people he meets are strikingly true to the latest revelations of psychology though happily uncluttered by the semi-scientific jargon that this study has loosed upon a sufficiently miserable world.

"The English speak French even worse than the Germans; but they merely mutilate the language, whereas the German vulgarizes it. . . . Able men who take up some science late in life often show a tendency to rearrange the furniture, so to speak. . . . By no means stupid, she was full of an icy enthusiasm in her talk, she abounded in commonplaces about virtue and devotion, she knew history and geography by heart, spoke French with repulsive correctness, and concealed a high opinion of herself under an artificial and Jesuitical humility. These traits are common to all pedants in petticoats. . . . This generosity excited the wrath and displeasure of the 'charitable' ladies, who were afraid of giving pleasure by their charity, and afraid of being more charitable than was absolutely necessary. . . . In fact, he spoke with a clearness which was capable, by its copiousness, of obscuring the simplest topic. . . . To see oneself in print is one of the strongest artificial passions of an age corrupted by books."

Herzen knows himself as well as others. In a paragraph he has summed up his character: "Though I was shaken for a time by Vitberg's influence [toward mysticism], my positive turn of mind held its own nevertheless. It was not my destiny to be carried up to the third heaven; I was born to inhabit earth alone. Tables never turn at my touch, rings never quiver when I look at them. The daylight of thought is my element, not the moonlight of imagination." Throughout he indicates the warm preferences and strong prejudices of a brave mind.

It is not often that "a supreme master of that superb instrument, the Russian language," finds so satisfactory a translator as Mr. Duff who has rendered the concise, incisive, and ironical phrases of Herzen with truth and poetry. This volume holds but the first two parts of the original; I trust the remaining three will soon follow. JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Only a Preface

A Preface to Life. By Edwin Justus Mayer. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER turns a verbal flipflop and finds himself sprawling next to God. "A Preface to Life" is the intellectual autobiography of a chaotic young man brilliantly, if not always lucidly, engaged with his chaos. It is a very significant book. For it bears witness that a young man may be a more than adequate shipping clerk, an ingenious salesman, a shrewd Wall Streeter, a craftsman in the movies, the while his mind is roving passionately from Shelley to Shaw, from Dickens to Meredith, from Byron to Blake.

That such a young man has the gift of expression is important, for most men who write about Wall Street, The Retailer, or The Movies have never been flamingly aware of the subtlety and nobility of life, and most men who vibrate to Meredith, Shelley, and Blake find it impossible to realize the vital meaning of the Man Next Door and His Wife.

"A Preface to Life" makes me want to say to Mr. Mayer: "Splendid! *Now* write a book!" For he has demonstrated that he has the Nietzschean mood if not the Nietzschean sweep, the eloquence if not the articulateness of the Waldo Frank who wrote "Our America," and a seriousness which, while it does not contain the beautiful sobriety of Matthew Arnold, has reach and velocity.

It is the sort of book which, I fancy, every first-rate writer has written and tossed into the waste-basket, but the sort of book which only a first-rate writer could write. Since it is the first one of its kind which has seen the light, it is welcome as a record of what a writer thinks of himself. But now we want what is more important—what he thinks of the world, his world, his world in terms of our own experience.

When Mr. Mayer sketches with a few vivid sentences the story of the Marvelous Boy, a pallid youth who was going to write a great poem and then commit suicide but who ended as a slick-haired salesman, he is making notes for what he should and must do. The Marvelous Boy, in the long run, is much more important, if Mr. Mayer should bring to bear on him insight and dramatic force, than Mr. Mayer's own thoughts about himself.

When Mr. Mayer writes the sonnet beginning

"O beauty cannot ever be the same
Since you have loved me through the loveless night;
And since the fluent curves of your delight
Have rounded the rough sharpness which I am" . . .

he is representing emotion authentically—he is using rather than revealing his gifts—and more poetry like that should be coming from him now.

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In talking about Southern California he says: "But it has an infinite charm, and charm is more destructive of deep-rooted judgments than anything except romantic love. . . . There are swords out on every street in Manhattan, and Broadway is a dagger in your breast, but this spell is a mild perpetual dream in Nirvana." Brilliant phrases, the result of poetic and penetrating thought, the crystallization of many things seen and mulled over. And one wishes that one could have that poetic and penetrating thought itself, and in terms of the things seen and mulled over. The sentences as they stand belong only in a letter to a friend.

The most arresting sentence in the book to me is: "But when I turned earthward, they [people] interested me as fascinating, repulsive, and odd personalities, endowed with moving and amusing qualities." Let us have them, Mr. Mayer, through your eyes, and then we shall have you as we never can through a book about yourself. SAMPSON RAPHAELSON

Books in Brief

The Temple and Other Poems. Translated by Arthur Waley. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Of all the translators now engaged with Chinese and Japanese poetry Mr. Waley is by far the best, for he combines skill with scholarship in a unique degree. The present volume of versions from the Chinese, his third to date, departs into a new field—that of the longer poems of two thousand years ago which are comprehended under the term "fu." Readers who expect the compactness of Li Po will be disappointed by the flowing, elaborate compositions here of poets like Po Chü-i and Sung Yü. Unprejudiced readers will be delighted; and incidentally they will find a great deal of information on a very obscure subject in Mr. Waley's fifty-odd pages of introduction.

The Cinder Buggy. By Garet Garrett. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

A novel of hot love and cold steel, in which one may learn considerably more about the profits of a great industry than about the promptings of a great emotion. Mr. Garrett composes in short sentences; his story moves rapidly and he knows his background. The seeker after a business novel will find this much to his liking.

Collected Poems: Second Series. By W. H. Davies. Harper and Brothers. $2.

Mr. Davies's title is misleading, since a number of the poems included here were also included in "Collected Poems: First Series," published in America seven years ago. Most of the volume, however, is recent, and the whole of it, as those who know the author do not need to be told, is very fine. The remarkable thing about this modern Herrick is not that he can write his kind of poetry so well but that he can keep it up so long. Doubtless when he is done he will have matched his seventeenth-century master in sheer bulk—by no means the least impressive virtue of Herrick.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1923 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Saturday, December 1, and not later than Monday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 13, 1924.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

"The Failures"

THIS translation, a faithful and skilful one, of H. R. Lenormand's "Les Ratés" is the best piece of contemporary dramatic literature which the Theater Guild has produced since St. John Ervine's "Jane Clegg." It is, indeed, one of the two or three best modern dramas seen on the New York stage. The contemporary drama of France has fallen upon very evil days indeed. Only the most fitful gleams of light shoot through the darkness of these days. The brazen clamor and ugly competence of the Batailles and the Bernsteins fill ear and eye. Happily for a dramatic literature once glorious for so long Charles Vildrac wrote "Le Paquebot Ténacité" and Lenormand wrote "Le Simoun" and "Les Ratés." "Le Simoun," a study of the corruption of European officials in Algiers, would have had no particular meaning for our audiences. "The Failures," which Reinhardt produced in Vienna, which has been seen in Prague and Rome and Christiania, was the fitting work of Lenormand to produce here.

The story of the play is very simple on the side of action, as all important stories in literature are. The technique will be called narrative by those who prefer names to things. In fourteen scenes, of which one was not injudiciously omitted by the Guild, Lenormand has portrayed a series of events and emotions that, highly specific and concrete in their character, move us with sorrow over all mortal things and enlarge the vision of all of life. That, as I shall and must not be tired of repeating, is the mark of true art, that it is universal and enlarging in final effect in exact proportion to its truth to humble and ordinary circumstance and thought and character.

Who are these failures? They are of that great company of modern men and women to be found everywhere in whom aspiration outruns both talent and character. They do love art above all else. The genuineness of their devotion gives them their tragic dignity. But they have not that peculiar union of talent with iron pertinacity which alone can lead aspiration to achievement. Hence they are in a sense lost souls. The world derides them. And all forces are on the world's side. Good sense is on that side and even, necessarily, the attitude of the actual producing artist who must, in order to produce, have a good foundation of certain bourgeois virtues. Lenormand has stated the case of these wretched ones with a faultless tenderness, understanding, truth, power. He gives them one great moment of irony, of self irony. He condemns through the medium of his treatment only one of these failures. It is Larnaudy who will not admit that he is a failure, who gets drunk on hollow verbiage, who is damned be-

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cause he does not know that he is damned. Beautiful and pathetic, on the other hand, is the portrait of Montredon, who knows, none so well, what he has become, who has betrayed the art he adores with an unwilling kiss because he needed the thirty pieces of silver to hold soul and body together.

These are merely the implications and minor characters of the fable and bear witness to the extraordinary richness of the play's humanity and workmanship. Its central theme is the story of two lovers who, caught in this toil of failure, wound, lacerate, outrage, and finally destroy each other. Two true lovers. In all the endless gabble about love on our stage, gabble which shows mere blindness and mere spiritual vulgarity, it was infinitely refreshing to come upon that passage in "The Failures" in which the lover reassures his mistress and takes up her worn little gloves which she never succeeds in quite mending and which move him so. . . . That is life; that is love.

The directing of the production by Mr. Stark Young is very able. There is humanity; there is precision. I waited with some uneasiness for Scene 10, fearing that Mr. Young would have yielded to a touch of the fantastic. I was immediately reassured. His feet remained firmly on the earth, where one's feet belong. Lee Simonson in the several sets required brings the art of giving hints which fill the imagination with an authentic sense of reality to an unheard of perfection. Only in the cathedral scene did my imagination halt and hesitate for a moment. But perhaps that was a shortcoming in me. Among the actors I want to begin by saying something of Dudley Digges as Montredon. I have heard Mr. Digges called a "reliable" actor with an ironic hint. I wish to call him so without the mild irony. His unfailing and unfaltering projection of a human being from within himself and yet not himself—that is acting. Mr. Ben Ami in the chief male part was uneven, too emphatic, and personal in all the level passages. To the play's tensest moments, however, he rose with a rich and stormy eloquence. Miss Winifred Lenihan, in the corresponding woman's part, surpassed all her previous performances. She was gentle, tender, strong, quite unobtrusive and yet quite beautifully there at every moment. Excellence akin to that of Mr. Digges was displayed in other parts by Miss Helen Westley, Mr. Erskine Sanford, and Mr. Henry Crosby.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS

The Theatre Guild presents
THE FAILURES A PLAY in 14 scenes
By H. R. Lenormand
GARRICK THEATRE, 65 West 35th Street
Matinees Thursday and Saturday

TRIUMPHANT RETURN
ARTHUR HOPKINS presents
JOHN BARRYMORE in "Hamlet"
For Three Weeks Only, Beginning Monday, Nov. 26. MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE
West 34th St. Matinees Thursday and Saturday.
Seats now selling. Eves. $3.30 to 55c. Matinees $2.75 to 55c.

The SELWYNS in association with
ADOLPH KLAUBER present
JANE COWL in Maeterlinck's Pelleas and Melisande
TIMES SQ. THEATRE Evenings 8:20
Matinees Thursday—Saturday 2:20

YIDDISH ART THEATRE 27th Street and Madison Avenue
Evenings 8:30. Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 2:30
MAURICE SWARTZ PRODUCTIONS
Friday evening, Saturday and Sunday Matinees and evenings
"The Beggars"
By H. Levick
Monday through Thursday evenings
"The Seven Who Were Hanged"
By Andreyev

Free Public Lectures on Theosophy
BY
B. P. WADIA
Sundays at 11 a.m.
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DAVID BELASCO Presents
LIONEL BARRYMORE
with IRENE FENWICK in "LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH!"
BELASCO THEATRE, West 44th St. Eves. at 8:30
Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30
Seats now on sale 4 weeks in advance

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Matinees: Wed. and Sat.
A Play the American Theatre can be proud of
CHAINS
"The most intelligent American play of the season."—Percy Hammond, *N. Y. Tribune.*

BELMONT 48th St. East of Broadway
TARNISH
Evs. 8:30. Mats Thurs. & Sat. 2:30
"Admirable and moving play, superbly cast and acted."—*Ludwig Lewisohn*, THE NATION.
"Mr. Emery writes with a command of the English language, which is not given to any other native playwright, not even excepting Eugene O'Neill."—*Heywood Broun*, WORLD.

AMBASSADOR 49th, W. of Bway. Evs. 8:30
Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30
RICHARD BENNETT in
THE DANCERS
"I have not seen a better play than 'The Dancers' for a long while."
—*JOHN BARRYMORE.*

"Miss Vollmer's presentation of folk life is rich and authentic; she tells us what we are most eager to know—the inner truth of human lives."
Ludwig Lewisohn—*The Nation*
THE SHAME WOMAN
An American Drama by LULA VOLLMER
Produced by THE INDEPENDENT THEATRE, Inc.
NATIONAL THEATRE 41st St. nr Broadway
until December 15th then moves to another Broadway Theatre

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD and Prof. EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN will speak on "The League of Nations" at the Open Forum on Sunday, Dec. 9th—at 8 P. M., 2 West 64th Street.
ADMISSION FREE
THE SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE

Ludwig Lewisohn's article in next week's issue of The Nation *will describe the Swedish Ballet and other divertissements.*

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International Relations Section

Helping Russia Help Herself*

WE print below in condensed form the report of Dr. Joseph Rosen, director in Russia of the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee's reconstruction work. Dr. Rosen is well known in Russia and the United States as a revolutionary worker and as an agricultural expert.

There are three outstanding features of the Joint Distribution Committee's reconstruction work in Russia which give it a particular interest: (1) The work was entirely non-sectarian in character; (2) it was carried on almost entirely through the medium of local peasants and workmen's cooperatives; (3) the aid given was not gratis, but the individual recipients had to pay the cooperative of which they were members for the services and help given.

The A.J.J.D.C. is an American organization for the relief of Jewish war victims in Europe, but in Russia all its activities have been placed on a non-sectarian basis. Of the $7,800,000 spent by it in Russia since 1921, about $6,500,000 have been devoted to relief, pure and simple—to adult feeding during the famine period without difference of race or religion; to the feeding of 300,000 children (on the same basis) in the Ukraine during nine months of 1922-1923; to the distribution of clothing, shoes, fuel, etc.

For its reconstruction program the A.J.J.D.C. provided $1,290,000 with the idea that an impetus could be given toward the economic recovery of the Jews in the Ukraine and White Russia, who had been particularly hard hit by the Great War, the civil conflicts, and the unparalleled pogroms. But it was understood that the economic recovery must be general if the Jewish population were to get any permanent benefit from the help given and therefore the reconstruction work, no less than the relief work, was done on a non-sectarian basis. The figures which are now available demonstrate quite conclusively how non-sectarian the activities of the A.J.J.D.C. have been to date. Of 100,000 acres plowed at least 70 per cent belonged to Russian peasants. Of 50,000 families on the land receiving agricultural aid, more than half were non-Jewish.

A. Tractor Squad Work

We purchased in the United States eighty-six tractors, shipped them to Russia, and organized ten squads in the southern district. It took a great deal of work to have these squads properly organized. The Soviet Government has greatly assisted us in this work by giving free transportation of the tractors, fuel, supplies, and men. The tractors arrived in Odessa and were delivered to the final points of destination in good time.

We purchased our kerosene and oil at the oil wells in the Grojny and Baku districts in tank cars, the Government supplying free railroad transportation from the wells to our tractor bases. Our tractors have not lost a single day on account of lack of fuel. To recover our expenses for kerosene and oil, we charged the farmers five poods of wheat per desiatin of land plowed, the grain to be delivered partly from the 1923, partly from the 1924 crop.

We plowed about 100,000 acres of land during the season, which is a very good acreage for eighty-six small tractors. The average work of such a tractor in the states amounts to about 300 acres a year, as our farmers plow only thirty or forty days during the season. By continuous operation we accomplished about three seasons' work in one. At the same time we taught the local people how to operate the tractors.

Although we did the work for non-Jewish as well as Jewish farmers, we made it a rule that no plowing was to be done for any villages which participated in pogroms. From many of these villages we had petitions asking us to do some plowing for them, and expressing regret for the criminal activities of some of their villagers. All the work was done in cooperation with the local cooperative organizations, which are again functioning largely due to our assistance. The arrangement was that each local cooperative organization was to lay out plans and make all arrangements with the individual colonists. The land of the widows and orphans was plowed first, then the land of the people who had no horses or plows, and then some communal lands. Figuring the cost of doing this work, we must say that tractor plowing under present Russian conditions is from 40 to 50 per cent higher than plowing with horses or oxen, but most of the land we worked had not been plowed for eight to ten years, and therefore was in such condition that the plowing could not have been done at all except by tractors. All the Russian agricultural organizations are extremely interested in our tractor work because this was the first time such work was done in Russia on a large scale, with a properly organized service, a thing almost unknown in Russia before. Several commissions delegated by the Department of Agriculture and by other organizations to observe our tractor squad have rendered reports which were flattering indeed.

The general conditions are much better than they were a year ago. The winter crops were especially good. While there are still hundreds of houses without roofs or windows there is plenty of grain and straw everywhere, and life in general is more hopeful and even more cheerful. But the people still have no clothing; many are literally naked. Here we touch on the most important general problem of Russian life, namely, the difference in the prices of farm products and manufactured products. Farm products are below the pre-war level, while manufactured products are extremely high. To help the situation somewhat, the A.J.J.D.C. has made a special loan to agricultural cooperatives of $10,000 to purchase cotton and jute cloth to be used by the farmers for clothing.

B. Multiplication of Pure-Bred Seed

The second line of work was the multiplication of pure-bred seed. Even to people superficially familiar with agricultural problems, it is self-evident that the quality of the seed used by the farmers is of the utmost importance. The quality of Russian seed has greatly deteriorated during the years of war and revolution. In this phase of our work we also had the fullest cooperation of the Moscow Department of Agriculture and the Ukrainian Improved Seed Society. They supplied additional quantities of seed and some funds, and placed at our disposal the staff and equipment of a number of agricultural experiment stations. We have organized about 252 seed-breeding stations and plots where the seed brought from America, Germany, Denmark, and Norway was used for propagation and multiplication purposes. These breeding stations have produced sufficient quantities of seed (corn, barley, wheat, oats, vegetables, etc.) to be distributed among the farmers next year to plant not less than 3,000,000 acres of land. This work has received a good deal of attention in Russia, and the Department of Agriculture had a special exhibit devoted to this work at the All-Russian Exposition in Moscow.

In addition to this pure-bred seed for multiplication purposes we distributed through the cooperative societies in our colonies and villages for planting in the spring of 1923 seed loans amounting to 170,000 poods of grain, 47,000 poods of potatoes, and over 5,000 poods of clover forage and vegetable seeds.

* In subsequent issues the International Relations Section will print brief reports of the relief work carried on in Russia by the American Friends' Service Committee and other organizations.

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208 Latest String of Beads, any color
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210 Pocket Knife
211 Fancy Wooden Box, hand carved
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315 Beads, very modern
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507 Centre Piece, Filet Antique, 24 inches
508 Centre Piece, hand embroidered
509 3 Handkerchiefs, richest finish
510 Drawing Room Doll
512 Silver Pendant, with chain, richly ornamented
513 Beads, finest, hand cut
514 Stationery, 50 sheets and 50 envelopes in large hand-painted box
515 Porcelain Box, white, gold edged
516 Ceramic Figure, very artistic

Guaranty

All our goods are sold with a guaranty of complete satisfaction. If you are not 100% satisfied, return goods within a reasonable time and in the condition they left our shop, and we shall cheerfully refund your money.

We also agree to assume all responsibility in case of damage or loss in shipment.

We went to Europe this Summer to do your Christmas shopping for you.

Odd, exquisite things we picked up over there; often only one or two of a kind.

Each steamer reaching these shores brings us exquisite hand-made articles, such as laces, embroideries, handkerchiefs, jewelry, leather goods, objects in skillfully carved wood including cuckoo-clocks, beautifully hand-wrought silver and brass, ivory pendants, charming beaded bags, toys and dolls, and innumerable other things.

It is our task to distribute in the United States the products of the home workers of Mid-Europe. We sell articles made by the people who are anxious and willing to work; people who, in these tragic days, are thus spared the humiliation of begging. They ask for only one thing, that the good people of the rest of the world buy the work of their home industry, so that they may obtain the American dollars with which they can purchase food and all of life's necessities.

The list of items is necessarily incomplete, but it is offered in the hope of showing that our undertaking merits your support. We want to give fair value to our customers, even as we give fair pay to those people of Central Europe who want to work rather than plead for alms.

Recognizing the fact that our list can, at its best, give but a general idea of the goods shown herein, we only ask you to order, not to buy. The money accompanying your order is merely held in trust while the goods are shipped and examined.

We suggest that in sending us your order, you let us make the selection for you by telling us how much you wish to apply to each gift and whether it is to be a present for a man, woman or child.

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147 Fourth Avenue
New York

Our ***Food Department*** *offers excellent assortments available for immediate delivery anywhere in Central Europe from our warehouse in Hamburg.*

$7.50 will buy any one of the following articles

702 Filet Antique Centre Piece, 30 inches
703 1 doz. Finest Guest Towels, hemstitched, Damask border
704 Centre Piece, linen or knitted, large size
705 Pillow Cover, embroidered or painted
706 Table Cover
707 Painted Centre Piece
708 Spoon, handwrought silver
709 Brass Candle Stick, hand hammered
711 Silver Lorgnette
712 Ceramic Figure or Vase
713 Ladies' Leather Handbag
714 Wooden Box, metal inlaid
715 Real Amber Beads, round or cut
716 Real Amber Cigar Holder
717 Real Amber Cigarette Holder, gold band

$10.00 will buy any one of the following articles

1001 Sterling Silver Pendant, studded with Marcasite
1002 Colored Wood-Cut, unframed
1003 Water Color, by De Luca, unframed
1004 Beaded Bag, hand crocheted
1006 Stationery, 100 sheets, envelopes and cards
1007 1 doz. Hand Towels, 18 x 34, hemstitched, Damask border
1008 Table Runner, Filet antique, 20 x 45
1009 Luncheon Set, 13 pieces
1010 Sofa Pillows, all colors, richly embroidered
1013 Brass Box for Cigarettes or Jewelry
1014 Cuckoo Clock, hand carved
1015 Ladies' Purse, fine leather, envelope or pouch
1016 Ivory Rose, hand carved, very large
1017 Ivory Chain, nicely graduated beads
1018 Ivory Pendant, richly carved, work of art

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Made with the famous patented tone improving device endorsed by *Fritz Kreisler*. All instruments are full size, permanently guaranteed faultless in tone and may be exchanged if they should ever deteriorate in any way.

		Including Bow and Case
Pupils' Violin	$7.50	$11.50
Orchestra Violin	$15.00	$20.00
Concert Violin	$25.00	$30.00

A Little Christmas Gift for You

To all those who will mail their orders not later than midnight of December 15th, we shall send with the order a charming little Christmas Calendar.

ORDER BLANK

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Metas Corporation of N. Y.,
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Enclosed find $.....
Please ship postpaid

Article (s) No.....
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Name of Sender.....
Address .....

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We distributed for planting 100,000 grapevines brought from France and 150,000 seedlings of hops in the Volhynia (hop) district.

C. Distribution of Live Stock

The next step was the distribution of live stock. During the war millions of horses were killed and died from disease. The farmers lost at least 50 per cent of their live stock, if not more, and it was the Jewish farmers especially who suffered in this respect. Before the war the Jewish colonists in the Cherson and Ekaterinoslav provinces had about 12,000 horses, in 1923 they had only 3,300; the number of cows in the colonies decreased from 9,000 in 1916 to 4,400 in 1923.

1. Cattle

We had an appropriation of $100,000 for live stock, and our plans were to purchase horses outside of Russia, in Hungary or Czecho-Slovakia, but after due consideration of the matter we decided to purchase horses in the Ukraine on the right side of the Dnieper River, in the Zhitomir province, where they were cheaper and more plentiful than in other districts of the country. The Russian Government has given us a good deal of assistance in this matter by granting free transportation for our men and the animals, and also veterinary service. These expenses were practically equivalent to the cost of the horses. Twenty special trains that had the right of way were placed at our disposal, and in a number of cases it took only three days to take the horses from Zhitomir to Cherson and Nikolaieff, where it ordinarily would take from ten days to two weeks for a freight train to make the trip. The horses and cows were distributed through the cooperative societies. The societies would decide which members of the colony needed the horses or cows first. The horses were charged at the price of the actual cost, in terms of grain. Another arrangement was that a farmer receiving a horse could work for a widow and be credited for this work as partial payment against his horse account. A good many farmers have paid for their horses during the season by doing work for others who had no horses.

We also distributed over one thousand cows and fifty bulls for breeding. Most of these cows were given to families of widows with children. Cows are paid for in terms of grain or in terms of milk.

2. Cheese Manufacturing Cooperatives

In most of our colonies we organized cheese manufacturing cooperatives, and our traveling instructors taught the farmers how to manufacture and improve the quality of their cheese. A central cooperative was formed at Charkov to which all the cheese is shipped and this cooperative sells it for them at a profitable price. In this activity the Government has also given us assistance by placing at the disposal of the cooperatives refrigerator cars. These cheese cooperatives are a paying proposition, and the money realized from the sale of the cheese constituted the chief working capital of the agricultural cooperatives until the new crops came in.

3. Distribution of Farm Machinery and Implements

The next item was the distribution of farm machinery and implements, outside of tractors. This was also accomplished through the local cooperatives, the implements to be paid for in terms of grain. Altogether we distributed 1,000 plows, 2,000 harrows, 1,400 cultivators, 400 buckers, 500 mowing machines, 500 seed cleaners, 300 wagons. In several instances we assisted in organizing cooperative shops for the manufacture of wagons, wheels, and small implements, also farm machinery repair shops.

4. Assistance to Settlers

Another very important phase of our work was assistance to new settlers or families taking up some form of farm work as a means of making a living. Owing to economic conditions in Russia there is a movement among the Russian Jews to take up farming as a livelihood. For a time, when the new economic

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THE MYSTERIES OF THE PEOPLE,

or, HISTORY OF A PROLETARIAN FAMILY ACROSS THE AGES

By EUGENE SUE

WHEN the name of EUGENE SUE is mentioned one thinks at once of THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS and THE WANDERING JEW. Upon further reflection one recalls that he wrote other romances, notably a series entitled THE SEVEN CARDINAL SINS. The average Sue reader concludes that that is all that Eugene Sue ever wrote—or at any rate, that that is all that was ever translated of his works. The conclusion is erroneous. Sue wrote a work which in importance, in grandeur, in brilliancy far exceeds any of the aforementioned. That work, effectively if not formally suppressed, is entitled

THE MYSTERIES OF THE PEOPLE

That work has been translated into English from the original French by the eminent scholar, the late Daniel De Leon. THE MYSTERIES OF THE PEOPLE is unquestionably Sue's masterpiece. Into that work he poured his passion for freedom and democracy; on that work he lavished his scholarship, his learning, the result of his historical researches. For THE MYSTERIES OF THE PEOPLE is not merely a work of fiction, though fiction it is, fiction sublimated. It is fiction and history so blended as to produce a work truly unique in the annals of literature.

The purpose of Sue is to trace the struggle of mankind from slavery and oppression to freedom and democracy. To that end he pictures the history of two families: the family of Joel, representing the downtrodden and oppressed, and the family of Neroweg, representing the ruling, the autocratic classes. In a wonderful panorama, with glowing colors and a tremendous sweep, Sue depicts the age long struggle between oppressor and oppressed, between social rights and social wrongs. And with the marshalling of much historical data, with the passion of the Prophets, he makes clear to the reader that while at any given time autocracy and social wrongs may prevail, in the long run it is democracy, the spirit of freedom, that survives, while autocracy and oppression, the spirit of slavery and darkness, go down to ignominious defeat.

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policy was inaugurated, it seemed that Jews would go back to trading, but they soon realized that there is very little chance now for the small trader, and this movement to take up some productive work is still very important. Many thousands of Jewish families have taken up farming and are anxious to continue it if given the opportunity.

The establishment of workmen's cooperative banks, known as "loan kassas," constitutes the reconstruction work for the city people. Eighty-two kassas to make loans to artisans for cooperative purposes were organized up to September 1, 1923. At present there is a stable currency in Russia, the chernovitz, which inside of Russia is much more desirable than dollars or pounds, as the rate of chernovitz in Soviet Russia is proportionately higher that than of foreign currencies.

The loan kassas make loans in this new currency, and this safeguards them from the loss of their capital through the depreciation of the ruble. The number of families benefiting from our kassas is not less than 20,000. Some of the kassas have developed special lines of work, organizing producers' cooperatives, such as the shoemakers' cooperative in Vinnitza, woodworkers' cooperative in Zhitomir, metal workers' cooperative in Odessa, mill producers' cooperative in Ekaterinoslav, etc. The majority of them have developed operations in cooperative buying of raw materials and tools, and others have organized cooperative selling of products.

In August of this year representatives of all the kassas in the Ukraine held a conference in Kharkov and organized a central service bureau which acts as a clearing house for the purchase or sale of goods in every section of the country.

5. Trade Schools

Our trade-school work was carried on in cooperation with the ICA (Jewish Colonization Association) and the ORT (Society for the Promotion of Trade and Agriculture among the Jews in Russia). . . . It is interesting to note that we have rendered assistance in this work to forty-two trade schools and three agricultural schools teaching a dozen trades to nearly 4,000 boys and girls.

Italy's Terror Goes On

LITTLE is heard of disorder or disaffection in Italy but occasionally an article is published like that printed below, indicating continued resistance to Fascist rule.

To the Workers and Workers' Organizations of all Countries:

As reaction in Italy proceeds with its work of destruction, the breaking up of surviving syndical organizations continues along with the persecution and murder of workers, while the prisons are still being crowded with victims. The courts are overrun with comrades involved in cases which have been forced to trial by the police and judicial authorities during the last three years of close cooperation between the courts, the police, and Fascism. . . .

Even in these last few days the Arezzo trial against the Valdarno miners and the Turin trial against the Minervino Murge peasants have both resulted in outrageous verdicts against our comrades, who were insulted with impunity in the courtroom by the lawyers, the press men, and the Fascist caliphs, who in some cases even attempted to lynch the condemned men. During the last few days the comrades of Valdarno, Minervino Murge, and Cerignola have been sentenced to terms amounting altogether to more than fifteen centuries. The sentences vary from 10, 20, to 30 years, very few being granted easier terms.

Comrades! . . .

Think of the victims in these life and death struggles; think of these comrades who may perhaps never leave their cells, because they refused to ask for pardon from the judges of bourgeois reaction.

The Central Committee of the
Italian Syndicalist Union

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